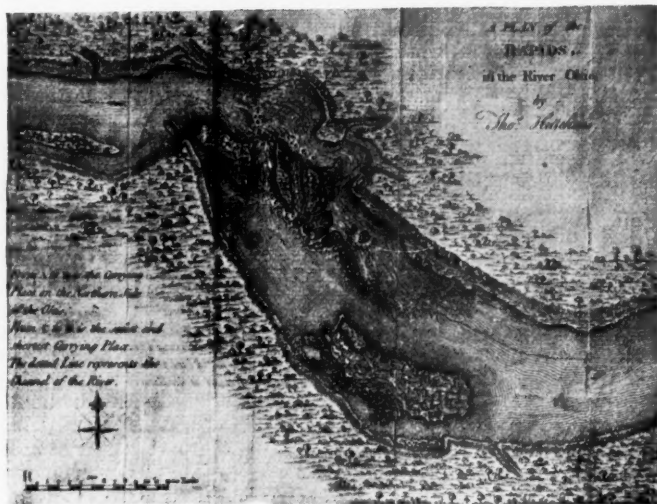


# THE SOUTHERN MAGAZINE

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From plans drawn by Thos. Hutchins and published in London, 1775.

Falls of Ohio in 1766.

## THE ROMANCE OF THE ORIGIN OF LOUISVILLE.

BY R. T. DURRETT.

A HALO of romance encircles the location and the beginning of most of the great cities of the world. Rome owed its origin to the flight of vultures over the Palatine Hill, and Athens rose over the summit of the Acropolis because an olive tree had been planted at its base by the goddess hand of Minerva. The great city of London, divested of fable, began on the bank of the Thames, surrounded on all sides, except the river, by a bulwark of forest interspersed with swamps, and Paris rose on an island of the Seine with a protecting wall of waters all around. The city of Louis-

ville combined in its origin the advantages of both London and Paris. Its pioneers were first protected by the swift waters around an island in the Ohio, and then on the main shore by a dense forest interspersed with ponds. There have, indeed, been but few cities, either in ancient times or modern, around whose location and beginning romance has hovered with more enticing colors than the fair city at the falls of the Ohio. The very earth on which it stands, the river that flows by its side, the prehistoric races who left their mounds and their implements on its site, the adventurers who looked upon

its location when all was wild around, and the conflicts of its discoverers and its founders with the wild animal and the wilder savage of its forests, all are full of romance.

Geology teaches us that the foundation rocks on which Louisville was built, known as the Devonian formation, were laid upon the bottom of an ancient ocean at an epoch so remote as to baffle all efforts at rational computation. Then some mighty subterranean force upheaved these rocks, or, more likely in this locality, the ocean, seeking a lower level, receded from them, leaving an elevated tableland hundreds of feet high over the present site of Louisville. Restless nature next began to tear down the high plateau she had reared, and erosion, assailing it on all sides, persisted until it was gnawed down to the present level. We should hardly claim that the forces which were forming this artificial level were preparing it for the site of

a great city and for the display of the fossil-life of ancient seas; and yet such was the result. The city of Louisville has risen upon this plain, and myriads of specimens of the life that was lived in ancient seas have been gathered from it and borne away to enrich the museums of the world. Major William J. Davis alone has gathered from this inexhaustible mine more than thirty thousand specimens of corals, and has been compelled to create one new family, seven new genera, and one hundred and sixty-nine new species to

enable him to describe them so that paleontologists could appreciate their individualities.

The Ohio, on whose southern bank Louisville so imposingly stands above the reach of hurtful floods, might not be inappropriately called a river of romance. Between it and the Bullitt County Knobs, several miles to the south, lies an alluvial plain through which it has wandered, in different channels, during the past ages. With a persistency, however, which seems to have known no relaxation, it has been constantly

cutting its way from the south to the north. The sinking of wells at different points for miles south of the present channel, has shown that it once ran elsewhere, and on its ancient shores have been found the bones of animals and the implements of man, many feet below the present surface, which could only have been placed in those positions on the open shores of the river while its



RENÉ-ROBERT CAVELIER SIEUR DE LA SALLE.

waters were running there. Forty feet below the present surface the charred ends of a piece of wood were found upon a flat rock, showing that man had kindled a fire there on the open shore of this river; and at a depth of fifteen feet the great mastodon had left his bones while wandering on the shore in search of food or perhaps to slake his thirst with its waters. In these beds of the ancient river, wells are now being constantly sunk which yield an endless supply of water, so purified from filtering through the sands that fill the old

EDITORIAL NOTE.—The portraits used in this article are engraved from the originals in possession of Colonel R. T. Durrett, and, with the exception of those of La Salle and Clark, have not been published heretofore.

channels that it is as limpid as distilled water and sparkles like diamonds.

The Bullitt County Knobs were formerly much higher and nearer the present river-bed than they now are, and it was their waste which helped to fill up the old beds as the river cut new ones to the northward. The Indians called this river Ohio, which in their language meant "beautiful river." It is not unlikely that the Mound-builders, who antedated the Indians, may have known it by a similar name, for it is a beautiful river, whether we contemplate its incipient waters falling from the clouds upon a ridge in Potter County, Pa., and seeming to doubt for a moment whether they should go to the ocean by the St. Lawrence of the North, or the Susquehanna of the East, or the Mississippi of the South; or its countless tributaries rambling through numerous states and gathering their varied waters into a single channel; or its long reaches and graceful curves, and gentle slope, and charming islands all along its extended course; or the picturesque mounds in the primeval forests along its shores, casting their dark shadows into its crystal waters before the lands denuded of their forests have made them muddy; or whether we look upon the bright sky above and the fair land around—all, all are beautiful.

When Columbus discovered the Western Continent he believed he had found India. It was a long time before this belief was corrected by actual exploration, and even after it was dispelled a conviction prevailed that there was a great river flowing across the continent to the Pacific Ocean. The early settlers of Virginia held to this belief, and, in 1671, Captain Thomas Batt was equipped and sent out by Governor Berkeley to discover such a river. The journal of his route is meager in detail, and what little there is of it is much obscured by the change of the country both in names and aspect, but it is not likely that he reached the Ohio or went farther west than the falls of the Kanawha.

Among those who believed in the existence of this great transcontinental river, which should shorten the way to

China and Japan, was René-Robert Cavalier Sieur de La Salle, one of the greatest explorers of the seventeenth century. La Salle was a native of the city of Rouen in France, where he was born in 1643. He was educated for the Jesuit priesthood, but never was there a man more unsuited for such an office. There were implanted in his nature the elements of self-thought and self-control, and he was the last of men to follow the inflexible rules laid down by the society founded by Loyola. Nature prepared him for a world in which he could think and act for himself, and it was best both for him and the Society of Jesus that they parted at an early date. He came to Canada in 1666, and there found an unoccupied field broad enough for his great ambition and greater thoughts. He secured a large grant of land from the Seminary of St. Sulpice, in which he established his seigniory of La Chine, on the St. Lawrence River, nine miles above the city of Montreal. Here he was visited by some Seneca Indians in the winter of 1668, who told him of a river that rose in their country and flowed to the sea at so great a distance that it required nine months to follow it to its mouth. The Indians evidently meant the Alleghany, the Ohio, and the Mississippi blended into one great river. This was the river that was flowing through the imagination of La Salle, and he prepared at once to explore it. He sold his seigniory of La Chine and used the proceeds to build boats, to buy supplies, and to hire men.

By the first of July, 1669, he was ready for the expedition; but, incumbered as he was by associate explorers sent out by the Seminary of St. Sulpice, more



LA SALLE'S IRON  
HATCHET.

*Found under a cypress  
tree at Shipshewer  
in 1808.*



COLONEL RICHARD TAYLOR.

on the lookout for Indians to convert to Christianity than countries to discover, his progress was slow. Late in September, however, he was at the head of Lake Ontario, and, having here gotten rid of the Sulpicians, he made his way to Onondaga and started anew for the Ohio. Having left the lakes he found a tributary of the Alleghany, and descending this and the main river to the Ohio, he followed the latter to the falls where Louisville now stands. Here his crew mutinied and would go with him no farther. They deserted him and left him alone at the falls to pursue his imaginary river to the Pacific as best he could or to return to Canada as best he might.

This was probably in the late fall or early winter of 1669. His calling the rapids a "high fall," in his Memorial to Count Frontenac, indicates that he was here late in the fall or early in the winter after a dry summer. He could then, under such conditions, have seen a perpendicular fall of considerable height just above Goose Island. Such a fall to the height of eight or more feet has often been seen by those still living, and it is probable that it was much higher two hundred years ago when La Salle first saw it.

We have no reliable account of any white man who was at the falls of the Ohio previous to the year 1669. La Salle is therefore believed to have been the first who saw the shore of Kentucky from the mouth of the Big Sandy

to the falls of the Ohio, and consequently the first who saw the falls. White men had been settled along the Atlantic slope and in Canada for more than half a century, but so far as is known, none had ever penetrated the dark forests of Kentucky. The site of Louisville was as undiscovered before the coming of La Salle as it was before Columbus landed at San Salvador.

The dark forest which La Salle found around the falls was kinder to him than the men who were in his pay, and who had come with him on the expedition. They left him to perish alone in the wilderness with nothing to indicate where he had been. Not so the dumb trees of the wildwood. La Salle is believed to have left an iron hatchet on the ground on the Shippingport point, whence he had doubtless often viewed the falls, and a sycamore tree that grew hard by to have dropped one of its seeds upon it. The seed germinated and produced a young tree which grew over the hatchet and saved it from destruction. One hundred and thirty-nine years afterwards this tree had grown until its roots penetrated the ground for forty feet around, and its trunk measured six feet in diameter, and its branches rose seventy-five feet into the air. It was removed to make room for the foundation of the great flouring-mill of the Tarascons, when, beneath the center of its trunk, guarded in every way by projecting roots, the iron hatchet was found. It was much eaten away by rust, but still preserved the appearance of a hatchet, and is now in the possession of the writer, who holds it as a memento of the first white man who ever saw the site of the city of Louisville. It is seven inches long from eye to edge, and five inches wide across the edge. It was made by bending a flat bar of iron around a cylinder and then welding the sides together, leaving a round hole at one end for a handle, and hammering the sides to a cutting edge at the other end.

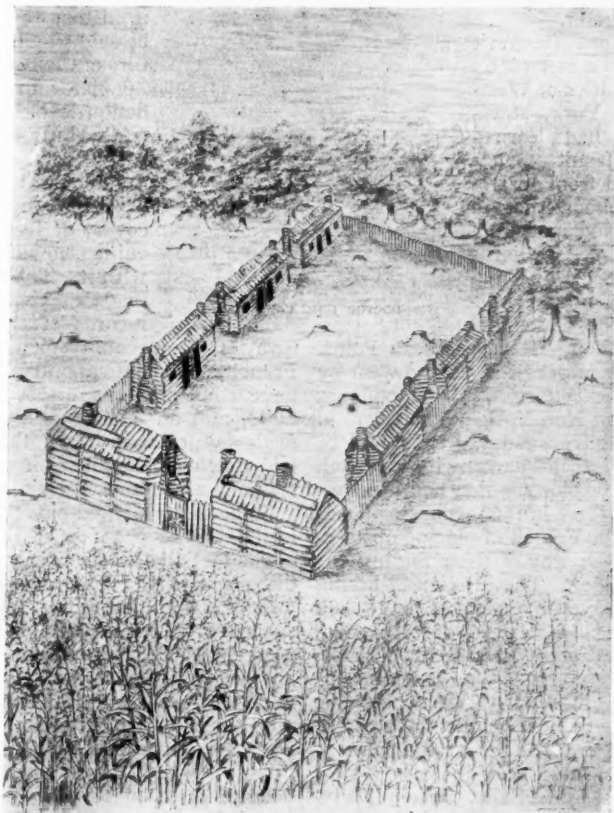
La Salle returned to Canada solitary and alone. He struggled with the currents of the Ohio and the Alleghany for



a thousand miles and sustained life on the wild animals he killed on the shores of these rivers. Unsubdued by the hardships and disappointments of this adventure, his ambition seems but to have been aroused for other explorations. On his return to Canada he traversed the country both by land and by water from the St. Lawrence along

but missed the mouth of the great river and landed in Texas. Here, after repeated efforts to find the Mississippi by land from Texas, he was murdered by his own men in 1687.

La Salle had a wonderful genius for the conception of grand enterprises, and a marvelous capacity for raising from nothing the means with which to



*From a plan by General George Rogers Clark, and now in possession of Colonel R. T. Durrett.*

BLOCK-HOUSES AND CABINS ON CORN ISLAND IN 1778.

the great lakes and their tributaries to the Mississippi. In 1682 he descended the Mississippi River to the Gulf of Mexico, and thus fixed the claim of France upon the vast region watered by it and its numerous branches. In 1684 he attempted to find the Mississippi from the Gulf of Mexico for the purpose of planting a French colony on its waters,

accomplish them; but he was deficient in the management of the assistants, by whose aid alone success was possible. If he had had the same capacity for inspiring his men with love as he had for arousing them to resentment, he might have lived to complete some of his grandest undertakings and to have enjoyed both the fame and the fortune

that they would have brought him. As it was, he died poor and in the midst of unfinished undertakings. When he was dead, and had left nothing but his fame for a family inheritance, there were not wanting those enemies of the human race who sought to rob his memory of a part of his glory as an explorer and discoverer.

The Hon. De Witt Clinton, in a memoir on the antiquities of Western New York, states that he had learned from a Jesuit manuscript and from an Iroquois sachem, that, in 1669, a company of twenty-three Spaniards made their way from Louisiana up the Mississippi, the Ohio, and the Alleghany rivers to Olean Point. Here they left their boats and went by land to the country of the Onondagas in Western New York. They were in search of silver, and, failing to find it, they got into a quarrel with a French missionary colony which had been established there in 1666. The Spaniards accused the French of placing obstructions in the way of their finding the silver mine. The Indians, taking advantage of the quarrel of the French with the Spaniards, and thinking both had designs upon their country, rose against both parties and slew the last one of them. If this story be true, then these Spaniards must have passed by and seen the falls of the Ohio in 1669, the same year that they were discovered by La Salle. When it is remembered, however, that although the Mississippi had been reached by De Soto in 1541, it had passed from the knowledge of the living and practically become an unknown river to be re-discovered by Marquette in 1673, and again by La Salle in 1682, and that the Ohio does not appear in the geography of the country until La Salle descended it to the falls in 1669, we can but think this adventure of the twenty-three Spaniards a most extraordinary affair. The



DOCTOR JOHN CONNOLLY.

Jesuit's manuscript and the sachem's legend were lucky enough to have every Spaniard and every Frenchman tomahawked and scalped so as to leave none to contradict their story, and but

for the good name of Governor Clinton, who gave publicity to the affair, it might never have figured as it does in history. It need not be said that this adventure of the twenty-three Spaniards in 1669 is a fiction devoid of historic truth, but it may be courteously suggested that it can never have precedence over the discovery of La Salle, nor enjoy equal credence with it. The Spaniards made no contemporary records of this adventure

of their countrymen, but the French, by contemporary evidence, have confirmed the discovery of La Salle, and on a map of the country made by Joliet in 1674, the Ohio is laid down as the river discovered by La Salle as he himself claimed.

Some of the learned pioneers of Louisville, on the occasion of the finding of the La Salle hatchet, assigned to the discovery of the falls a much higher antiquity than that of the great French explorer. Some of them claimed that Moscoso, the successor of De Soto in his wanderings in the West, ascended the Ohio to the falls, and that the Spaniards who settled St. Augustine in 1565 made frequent visits across the country to the falls; nor can these conjectures be deemed unreasonable when it is remembered that Marquette found Indians at the mouth of the Ohio in 1673 in possession of fire-arms and iron weapons. Others, however, went further and claimed that the Welsh, who, under Prince Madoc, had come to this country in the twelfth century had left traditions among the Indians as well as their own skeletons and arms as proof of their presence at the falls of the Ohio. They cited as proof the large quantity of human bones deep buried by the silt

of the Ohio at Clarksville, and under the sands of Sandy Island, in the confusion in which a battle would naturally have left them, and especially six skeletons found with brass breastplates upon them, bearing the mermaid and the harp of the Welsh, with the inscription: "Virtuous deeds meet their just reward." They also instanced the tradition related to General Clark by the chief, Tobacco, that there were formerly white Indians in this country who, after long continued wars, were finally exterminated in a battle between the red men and the white, on Sandy Island at the falls of the Ohio.

Others, going yet further back into the shadowy past, claimed that the Phœnicians, who, according to Diodorus Siculus, navigated the wide ocean far to the west of the Pillars of Hercules, and there colonized a great island that could have been nothing but America, were in the Mississippi Valley at the falls of the Ohio. And one venerable pioneer, who had been reading the "Timæus" of Plato, was of the opinion that when Atlantis sunk into the ocean, as related by the Egyptian priest to Solon, a part of its inhabitants were left in the Mississippi Valley and especially at the falls of the Ohio.

During the century which followed the discovery of La Salle, there were a goodly number of persons who saw the falls of the Ohio, and about whose presence there is something more than the conjectures of those wise pioneers of Louisville concerning their supposed visitors. There can be no doubt that missionaries and traders went up and down the Ohio at an early date, and the French claimed that they not only used the river as a medium of communication between their northern and southern settlements, but that in 1739

a detachment of French troops was sent from Canada down the Ohio to make war upon the Chickasaw Indians. On a map of Charlevoix's history of New France, which was published at Paris

in 1744, it is stated that in 1729 the bones of the elephant were found on the Ohio, and the locality given on the map indicates that it was at Big Bone Lick, in Boone County, Ky.

In 1742, an Englishman by the name of John Howard is said to have made his way from Virginia over the mountains to the Ohio River, and to have then paddled his way to the Mississippi in a canoe made of the skin of the buffalo. Here

he was taken prisoner by the Indians and disappeared from history, if indeed he was ever properly in history. The English, however, made use of him as a discoverer in the Mississippi Valley, whether he was a genuine historic character or not. They wanted cumulative evidence in their untenable claim over the French of the prior discovery of the Mississippi Valley, and Howard's adventure was about as good as anything on which they could lay hands.

In 1765, Colonel George Croghan—in the employment of the government and for the purpose of negotiations with the Indians of the Illinois country, who came under the English by the treaty of 1763—made his way down the Ohio from Pittsburgh and paid an examining visit to the falls. Croghan was an Indian trader, and as he saw no chance of barter with the rapids of the Ohio, he does not seem to have been particularly impressed by them. All that we know of what he thought of them is the following entry made in the journal which he kept of the route: "Early in the morning (July 2, 1765) we embarked and passed the falls. The river being very low we were obliged to lighten



COLONEL JOHN CAMPBELL.

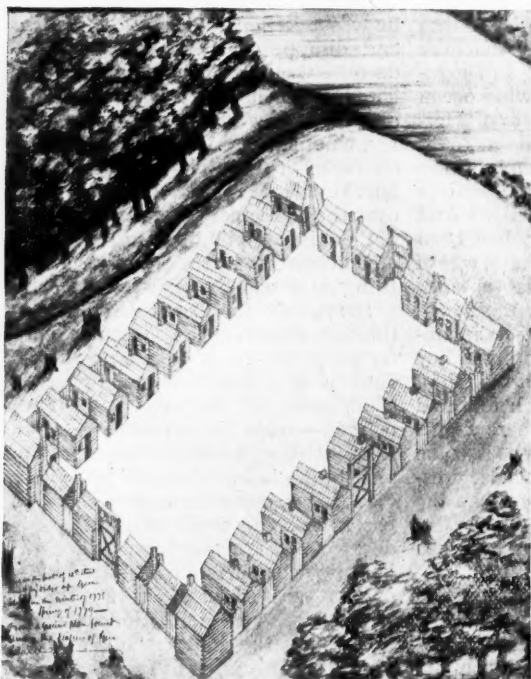
our boats and pass on the north side of a little island which lays in the middle of the river."

In 1766, Captain Harry Gordon, the principal engineer of the western department of North America, was at the falls and noted in his journal what he thought of them. He is the first person known to have regarded the falls as being caused by a ledge of rocks across the river acting as a dam over which the water had to fall below after accumulating above. This is what he said of them in his journal: "The waters at the falls were low, it being summer. They do not, however, deserve the name of falls, as the stream on the north side has no sudden pitch, but only runs rapid over the ledge of flat limestone rock which the Author of nature put here to keep up the waters of the higher Ohio, and to be the cause of that beautiful stillness of the river's course above."

A greater engineer than Colonel Gor-

don, not greater in rank but in genius, was at the falls at the same time with his superior officer. This was Captain Thomas Hutchins of the Sixtieth Regiment of Foot, in the British service. The falls made such an impression upon him that he drew a plan of them, for which posterity will be indebted to him for all time to come. This plan was published in his "Topographical Description of Virginia," etc., at London in 1778. It is a true picture of a section of six miles of the Ohio, extending from the foot of Sandy Island to a point one mile above the mouth of Beargrass Creek, with all its islands and rocks and whirlpools and indented shores, before a tree had been cut from them, or anything done by man to mar their natural beauty and grandeur. In this picture we see Corn Island and Rock Island, and Sandy Island, and the Goose Island group as they came from the hand of nature, and seem to hear the sound of the disturbed waters as

they circle around them or rush between them in their descent over the ledge of rocks which, like a dam across the river, attempts in vain to stay their course. It was a striking picture when it first appeared, and is a striking picture to this day. It was copied in his "Topographical Description of the Northwestern Territory" by Captain Imlay, and was reproduced in the Stockdale edition of "Filson's History of Kentucky," and in other works without credit to the distinguished author. At the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, Captain Hutchins joined the rebels and became the first and only "Geographer General" our country ever had. He was born in New Jersey in 1730, and died at Pittsburgh in 1789.



From a ground plan found among the papers of General Clark.

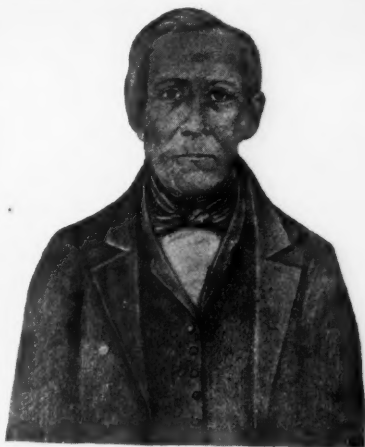
FIRST FORT ON THE SHORE AT FALLS OF OHIO. 1779.

In 1767, James Harrod and Michael Stoner floated down the Ohio for the purpose of a hunt and a view of the country. When they reached the falls they did not like the looks of the rapids, and instead of trying to ride in their boat over them, they took their boat out of the water and let it ride on them beyond the falls.

In 1769, Colonel Richard Taylor, Hancock Taylor, and Abram Haptonstall were at Pittsburgh, and there took into their heads the bold design of descending the Ohio and the Mississippi to New Orleans. They procured a strong canoe, and in it began their long and perilous journey. When they reached the falls, they followed the example of Harrod and Stoner, and bore their boat over the rapids instead of having it bear them. In after years, Colonel Richard Taylor, the father of President Taylor, became a distinguished citizen of Kentucky, and Hancock Taylor might have acquired fame also but for his death by the Indians in 1774.

A period of four years from 1769 to 1773 now followed, during which adventurers and explorers either kept away from the falls or failed to make known their visits. Daniel Boone and his party, and Simon Kenton and his party, and the famous party of "long hunters," were rambling through different parts of the forests of Kentucky, and even the great Washington, with his compass and chain, is said to have been in the county of Lawrence; but none of them, so far as is known, was at the falls of the Ohio.

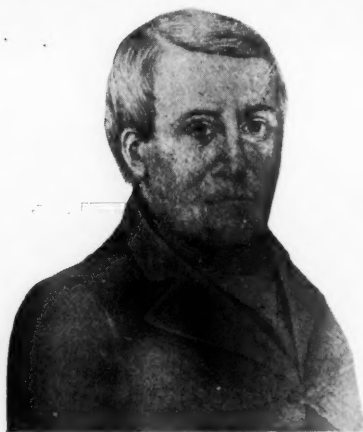
There was one man, however, who is believed to have had an eye on the falls, as well as upon other places in the West, during this interval. This was Dr. John Connolly, a native of Pennsylvania, who had been a surgeon's mate in the French and Indian wars. He was an educated man of more than average ability, and was full of enterprise and daring. He was shrewd enough to foresee that the proclamation issued by the King of Great Britain, after the peace of 1763, forbidding settlements on lands in the West beyond the sources of the rivers that flowed from



RICHARD CHENOWETH.

the Alleghany to the Atlantic, could not much longer be enforced against those who hungered for the rich soil of the Ohio Valley. Hence, he traveled much over the West and made himself acquainted with its lands and its forests and its rivers. He was one of the best informed men of his time as to Western lands, and General Washington, who met him at Pittsburgh in 1770, and had a talk with him about Western lands, wrote him down in his journal as "a very sensible and intelligent man." He was entitled to two thousand acres for his services in the French and Indian wars, and had formed in his ever-scheming mind the plan of a colony on the Ohio, embracing the rich lands of Kentucky as far to the south and east and north of the falls, as a center, as might be practicable. He determined to locate his own two thousand acres at the falls as a kind of headquarters to this colony, and it would seem from the first surveys at this point that he had accomplished his purpose. An old map of early surveys at the falls, made by General George Rogers Clark, shows the two thousand acres of Doctor Connolly immediately in front of the rapids, with the two thousand acres of Warrendorff binding on the west, the tracts of one thousand acres each of Boyer and Campbell on the south, and the one thousand acres





CAPTAIN JAMES PATTON.

of Preston on the east. Each of these tracts began its description from the Connolly survey, which became the center and starting point of all other surveys near the falls. What influences he may have brought to bear in inducing others to locate their lands in the neighborhood of the falls are unknown, but the fact is significant that his lands were located immediately opposite to the falls, and those of the other owners around his as a center.

It was not until December, 1773, that Dr. John Connolly succeeded in getting his lands at the falls surveyed and patented; and even his securing his patent at this time has given rise to grave suspicions as to the relations between him and Lord Dunmore. As late as September 24, 1773, Lord Dunmore, in answer to a letter of General Washington, asking for just such patents for himself, stated that he did not intend at that time to grant patents for lands on the Western waters. It is very strange that while this answer was being written by his lordship, Captain Thomas Bullitt was actually surveying lands at the falls for Dr. John Connolly and others, and that on the 10th of December following a patent was issued by his lordship to Doctor Connolly for his two thousand acres at the falls. Such facts certainly indicate peculiar relations between Lord Dunmore and

his friend, Doctor Connolly, and there were not wanting many who believed that his lordship was a partner of Doctor Connolly in the securing of Western lands in direct violation of the King's proclamation of 1763.

In August, 1773, Captain Thomas Bullitt laid off a town on the land he had surveyed for Doctor Connolly at the falls of the Ohio. The plan of this town and all the papers relating thereto have perished, so far as is known; but the fact that Bullitt laid out this town is sufficiently attested. There was not much in the appearance of the falls, with dark forests and deep ponds all around at that time, to suggest the advantages of location for a city; but Captain Bullitt was a clear-headed man of keen observation and penetrating forethought. He was the first man known to have selected the falls for the site of a town, and time has proven the wisdom of his choice.

In August, 1773, Colonel John Campbell, an Irishman by birth, contracted with Doctor Connolly for one-half of his land at the falls, and thus became interested in the site of Louisville. In April, 1774, Campbell and Connolly jointly issued proposals for the sale of lots in a town to be established at the falls of the Ohio, and this, no doubt, was the town laid out by Captain Bullitt the previous year.

All now seemed ready for the beginning of a town at the falls. The land had been located, surveyed and patented, and the town had been laid off into streets and lots, and the lots offered for sale. Nothing more seemed necessary to begin the town but for people to buy the offered lots and build houses upon them and take up their abode in them. Things, however, in this disappointing world do not always go as planned, and so it turned out in this instance. Before Connolly and Campbell could sell their lots or secure inhabitants for their town, Connolly got into trouble at Fort Pitt, which led to the battle with the Indians at Point Pleasant, in October, 1774. The Indians lost this battle and sued for peace. A treaty of peace was arranged, but it was ominous. The crack of the

*Falls of Ohio April 24<sup>th</sup> 1779*

*William Harrod, Richard Chenoweth, Edward Bulger, James Patton, Henry French, Marsham Brashear and Simeon Moore Trustees chosen by the intended Citizens of the Town of Louisville, at the Falls of Ohio met the 17<sup>th</sup> day of April 1779 and came to the following Rules to wit*

*That a number of Lots not exceeding 200 for the present be laid off to contain half of an Acre each 35 yards by 70 where the Ground will admit of it with some publick Lots and Streets*

*That each adventurer draw for only one Lot by equal chance*

*That every such person be obliged to clear off the undergrowth and begin to cultivate part thereof by the 10<sup>th</sup> of June and build thereon a good covered House, 16 feet by 20 by the 25<sup>th</sup> of December*

*That no person sell his Lot unless to some person without one, but that it be given up to the Trustees to dispose of to some new adventurer, on pain of forfeiture thereof*

*Marsham Brashears Sec'y*

Original in possession of Colonel Durrett.

FAC-SIMILE OF FIRST RECORD OF TRUSTEES OF LOUISVILLE.

FALLS OF OHIO, April 24th, 1779.

William Harrod, Richard Chenowith, Edward Bulger, James Patton, Henry French, Marsham Brashear, and Simeon Moore, Trustees chosen by the intended Citizens of the Town of Louisville, at the Falls of Ohio, met the 17th day of April, 1779, and came to the following Rules, to-wit:

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MARSHAM BRASHEARS, Sec'y.



CAPTAIN WILLIAM LINN.

rifles of the combatants at the Point had scarcely died on the troubled air when the thunders of the cannon of the Revolutionary War were heard. Connolly took sides with the British, and while attempting to organize a regiment of savages to lead against the colonists in 1775, he was arrested by the colonists and imprisoned. Campbell, who sympathized with the colonists, was also taken prisoner by the Indians while going from Louisville to Pittsburgh on one of the ill-fated boats of Captain David Rogers, in 1779. Both of these original proprietors of the land on which Louisville now stands remained in prison until others successfully formed a settlement at the falls and laid there the foundation of a town which afterwards became the great city of Louisville. *See p.*

There is a tradition that the first white man who ever resided at the falls of the Ohio was Sanders Stuart, a Scotchman by birth, who was sold in Baltimore for his passage across the ocean. Stuart told Hugh Hays, a venerable and trustworthy citizen of Louisville who recently passed away, that he came to the falls of the Ohio, in June, 1775, in company with Peter Casey, David Williams, John Heaton, and Peter Phillips. He took up his abode at first in a hollow sycamore tree, and afterwards in a log cabin on Corn Island. He became an expert in conducting a boat over the swift waters

between this island and the shore, and after there were people in Louisville to be carried to the island and be brought back, he acted as ferryman. He died in 1835 at the age of eighty. At his death he had in bank in Louisville \$3600 which he had accumulated from fees for ferrying people to and from Corn Island. As he was a bachelor without relations in the United States, this money, according to his instructions before his death, was sent to his relatives in Glasgow, Scotland, where he was born in 1755.

Daniel Boone, in his autobiography, as it appears in "Filson's History of Kentucky," uses language, while enumerating the inhabitants of Kentucky in 1777, which could only mean that a part of them were at the falls of the Ohio. Who these early inhabitants at the falls could have been, unless they were Sanders Stuart and his companions, there seems to be no means of ascertaining. There is no mention of any one of them anywhere that I have seen except in this statement of Mr. Hays. Colonel Richard Henderson, however, in his contemporary journal of 1775, adds strength to the statement of Mr. Hays, by saying he had just learned from Captain Linn that Connolly and Bullitt had sent five or six men to the falls of the Ohio to occupy their lands there in defiance of the claim of the Transylvania Colony. It is likely, how-



CATO WATTS.

ever, that while Stuart and others may have claimed the falls as their home at this early period, they had a good deal

of dodging about in the woods and some seeking of protection from the Indians in other places. The falls of the Ohio were an exposed frontier, frequently visited by parties of Indians either on the hunt for game or on the war-path, and uninterrupted residence here as early as 1775 would have been at much risk of life. Peter Casey, and David Williams, and John Heaton, and Peter Philips have been heard of in other parts of the district in those early years, and although nothing has been learned of Sanders Stuart at any point except the falls, it is not unlikely that he was in other places a part of the time at least. He indicated to Mr. Hays that he never broke his residence on Corn Island; but if he did not, he must have been a hermit there, so thoroughly hid in his hollow tree that General Clark did not see him clearly enough, in 1778 or 1779, to mention him in his letter to the Hon. George Mason. It does not follow, however, that he was not there because General Clark does not mention him, for General Clark was singularly sparing of details in what he had to say of Corn Island and the settlement there in 1778.

On the last day of December, 1776, the county of Kentucky was established by the state of Virginia. It comprehended the present state of Kentucky and was the death blow of the Transylvania Company, which had purchased the most of Kentucky from the Cherokee Indians, and was attempting to establish over it a proprietary gov-

ernment embracing the falls of the Ohio. A proprietary government could not exist within the limits of an organized county, and thus perished the bright dreams of empire and wealth which floated through the heads of Colonel Richard Henderson and his associates.

In 1777 there occurred at the falls of the Ohio an act on the part of a few visitors which was full of daring and significance. In 1776 there had set out from Pittsburgh a boat, destined to go to New Orleans for war material

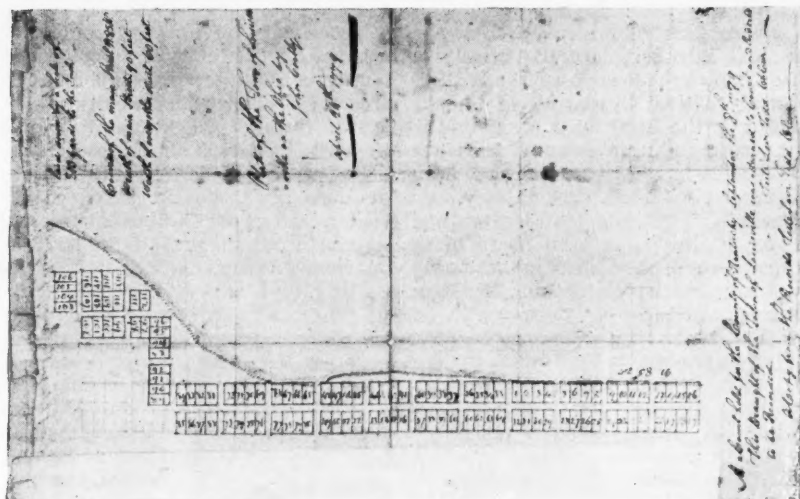
to be used by the colonies against Great Britain. It was in charge of Captain William Linn, who afterwards became one of the pioneers of Louisville, and lost his life near the station which bore his name, on the head-waters of Beargrass Creek, at the hands of the Indians, in 1781. The boat reached New Orleans, secured its cargo of ammunition, and on its return trip reached the falls of the Ohio in the spring of 1777. At the foot of the falls the powder, consisting of 156

kegs, was taken from the boat and carried around the falls keg by keg, and then put back on the boat, above the falls. The boat then made its way to Pittsburgh, where the powder was used in the contest of the colonies against Great Britain.

With all these explorers and adventurers to the falls, from La Salle in 1669, to Captain Linn in 1777, extending through a period of one hundred and eight years, no settlement or town had been successfully established. The attempt of Connolly and Campbell, in



COLONEL JOHN FLOYD.



Original in possession of Colonel Durrett.

MAP OF LOUISVILLE, 1779, BY JOHN CORBLY.

1774, to establish the town laid out by Captain Bullitt in 1773 had failed. The waters of the Ohio, as they poured over the ledge of rocks extending across the river and causing the falls, yet sang their monotonous song to the primeval forest. It was reserved for a greater man than any who had yet seen the falls to form a settlement, and to lay there the foundation of a city that would become mighty in the years that were to come. This great man was General George Rogers Clark, and the time for his good work had now arrived.

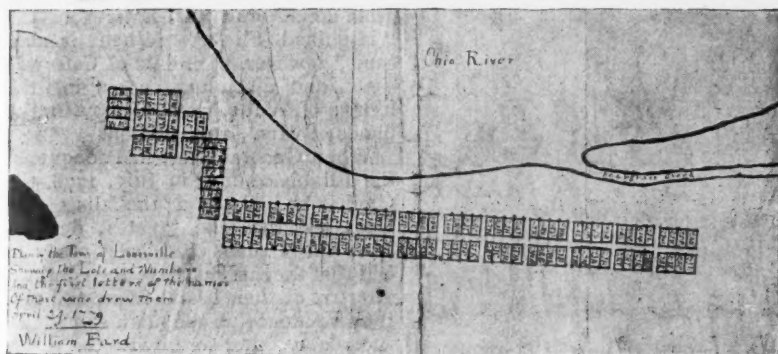
In the revivifying month of May, 1778, when all nature had begun to put forth new life, General Clark set out from Redstone, on the Monongahela River, with one hundred and fifty raw militia, for the conquest of the British posts in the Illinois country. In the boats that bore his soldiers he had to admit, against his will, some twenty families who had assembled at the place of embarkation for emigration to the new lands of Kentucky. When the falls of the Ohio were reached, which was on the 27th of May, 1778, General Clark landed on Corn Island for the purpose of disciplining his raw troops, in quarters from which they

could not escape. He knew the kind of material he had to deal with in his undisciplined militia, and feared that when he disclosed to them his purpose to lead them among the savages of the Illinois country, some of them might desert, and he had none to spare. On this island, surrounded by the swift waters of the rapids, he felt that he could hold them until he could make of them such soldiers as would not desert but would fight with him against all odds to victory or to death.

For the protection of his stores, as well as for shelter for his little army, he erected block-houses on the island, and now found that the families he had unwillingly taken on the boats would be of valuable service in caring for the stores he could not take on the expedition and was compelled to leave on the island. By the help of these families he could take with him every able-bodied soldier to fight the British.

The leaving of these families on the island made it necessary to erect cabins for their habitation. General Clark, therefore, made a plan of his block-houses and cabins, which is still preserved, and they were soon built out of the trees that grew in great abundance on the island. The large cottonwood





Original in possession of Colonel Durrett.

MAP OF LOUISVILLE, 1779, BY WILLIAM BARD.

trees were felled and their trunks cut into sections sixteen feet in length, and then split into rails and boards, with which the houses were built and covered. When all were finished they presented the form of an Egyptian cross, the block-houses forming the arms and the cabins the body of the cross. There were eighteen cabins in all, six of them making the block-houses and twelve the family habitations.

These families thus placed on Corn Island by General Clark on that 27th of May, 1778, became the founders of the city of Louisville. The falls of the Ohio were never without inhabitants after their arrival. The name of each one of these founders of our city is sacred, but all of them may not have been preserved. The following list, however, embraces the most of them, and is probably as complete as it is possible to make it at this late day:

James Patton, his wife Mary, and their three daughters, Martha, Peggy, and Mary.

Richard Chenowith, his wife Hannah, and their four children, Mildred, Jane, James, and Thomas.

John McManness, his wife Mary, and their three children, John, George, and James.

John Tewell, his wife Mary, and their three children, Ann, Winnie, and Jessie.

William Faith, his wife Elizabeth, and their son John.

Jacob Reager, his wife Elizabeth,

and their three children, Sarah, Mariah, and Henry.

Edward Worthington, his wife Mary, his son Charles, and his two sisters, Mary (Mrs. James Graham), and Elizabeth (Mrs. Jacob Reager).

James Graham and his wife Mary.

John Donne, his wife Martha, their son John, and their colored servant, Cato Watts.

Isaac Kimbley and his wife Mary.

Joseph Hunter, and his children, Joseph, David, James, Martha (Mrs. John Donne), and Ann.

Neal Dougherty, Samuel Perkins, John Sinclair, and Robert Travis.

While this little water-girt territory, on which these fifty colonists were placed, may illy compare with one of "The Islands of the Blessed," of which we read in Grecian story, it was yet a fair little land. According to the survey made in 1780, by Captain Meredith Price for Jacob Myers, it stood above river floods and contained forty-three acres—almost one acre for every man, woman, and child in the colony. It was covered with a dense growth of cottonwoods and sycamores, one of the latter of which, when it was cut down in after years to make room for a powder-mill, showed a trunk ten feet in diameter which lifted its branches an hundred feet into the air. In the shade of these noble trees the hot summer days were passed by the young and the old, while the cool breezes from the falls dispelled the



CAPTAIN JOHN DONNE.

oppressive heat. Near the water's edge on the western slope grew evergreen canes to the height of twenty feet, and wherever there was an opening among the trees for the sunlight to reach the ground wild flowers displayed their bright and cheering colors. The view of the adjacent islands, clad in emerald foliage or robed in the mists of the rapids, and the perspective of the broad river above and below, with stately trees on its shores growing down to the water's edge and casting their huge shadows in its gentle waves, were a source of constant delight to those who admired nature. Except the wild fowl shot on the island and the fish taken from the surrounding waters, all meat had to be procured from the shore, which was made hazardous by roving Indians. In spite of the danger, however, the love of the chase sent out hunting parties, whenever there was need, who seldom failed to return loaded with buffalo or venison. A little field around the buildings had been cleared and planted in corn and vegetables. The rich alluvial soil, cultivated with the hoe, sent up corn-stalks to the height of sixteen feet, bearing ears fifteen inches long, and produced pumpkins as large as flour barrels. A means of endless pleasure to the islanders was a fiddle in the hands of a negro named Cato Watts, who belonged to Captain John Donne. Cato would play all day in the shade of the trees while the young and the old joined in the "Vir-

ginia Reel," the "Irish Jig," or the "Highland Fling." When Sunday came, however, the fiddle of Cato was silent and all joined in singing the hymns of Watts, from a copy in the hands of Mrs. James Patton.

When General Clark had conquered the Illinois country in July, 1778, the families he had left at the falls of the Ohio felt that the greatest dangers from the Indians had been removed and that they might leave the confined quarters of their island home and risk their residence on the main shore. In accordance, therefore, with the directions of General Clark himself, they began the building of a fort on the east side of a ravine that entered the Ohio immediately opposite to the cabins on the island, at the foot of the present Twelfth street. Richard Chenowith was the architect, or "boss builder" as they called him, and all the islanders who could aid in such work, including some of the women, lent a helping hand. The fort planned by Chenowith was exceedingly simple. It was a parallelogram two hundred feet long by one hundred feet wide, consisting of eight single-story, double log cabins on each of the two long sides, and four on each of the two short sides. At each of the four corners was a block-house two stories high and twenty-four feet square. All these buildings surrounded an inner court, which served for a muster-ground, a place for storage, and a corral for cattle and horses.

As the 25th of December, 1778, approached, this fort was near enough completion for occupancy, and the islanders determined to move into it and there celebrate their first Christmas in the wilderness. Hunters were sent into the woods to secure an ample supply of venison and buffalo and bear and wild turkey and opossum meats for a grand dinner, and the women lost no time in getting ready their dishes of hominy and corn-bread and ash-cake and pumpkin pie. The block-house at the northeast corner of the fort was chosen for the feast, and when the 25th of December arrived a puncheon table, loaded with all the good things that could be obtained, extended across the

room with an opossum baked whole as a center-piece. When the sun-dial indicated twelve o'clock by the mark, the table was surrounded by all the men, women, and children of the fort, and out of the great abundance that made it groan at the beginning of the feast, not much was left to tell the story of half a hundred hungry mouths and empty stomachs in a Kentucky wilderness on a Christmas holiday.

One thing was wanting to make the feast a perfect success and a joyous memory. This was the music of the fiddle for the after-dance. Cato Watts had worn out all his strings playing on the island, and could scrape nothing like a tune out of his fiddle. As luck would have it, however, a Frenchman named Jean Nickle, who was on his way to Kaskaskia, stopped at the falls to repair his boat and was invited to the Christmas dinner, or the "house-warming" as it was called. The Frenchman, while eating, said something about saving his fiddle from being impaired by the leak of the boat. At the mention of a fiddle all eyes were upon him and the imploring arms of fair damsels about his neck. Monsieur had to bring his fiddle from the boat and render music for the dance. The table was cleared away while he was gone for his fiddle, and when he got back he found beating hearts and sparkling eyes and tripping feet impatient for his return.

The Frenchman made the mistake of not adapting his music and his dances to the occasion. He seemed to have thought himself in a salon in Paris, instead of a block-house in the wilderness of Kentucky. He undertook to introduce the fashionable dance known in the gay French capital as the "Branle," the merits of which, he said, consisted in leaping in circles; the "Pavane," whose peculiarity was strutting like peacocks; and the "Minuet," in which graceful walking and bowing were the charms. In the "Branle," the boys, not being able to leap in circles as he directed, indulged in leap-frog over one another's heads; in the "Pavane" the shrill cry of the peacock was substituted for his strut; and in the "Min-

uet" both the boys and the girls trotted through the figure and bowed their heads as quickly as geese dodging stones thrown at them. The Frenchman was disgusted, and, taking his position against the wall of the fort, seemed the picture of despair. Just then Cato Watts, who had, on the arrival of the Frenchman, secretly secured some strings, made his appearance and struck up a "Virginia Reel." In the twinkling of an eye the dancers were arranged around the room and happy couples prancing up and down the circle. All were happy, and Cato was the greatest man in that fort the balance of the day and during the night through which his music continued.

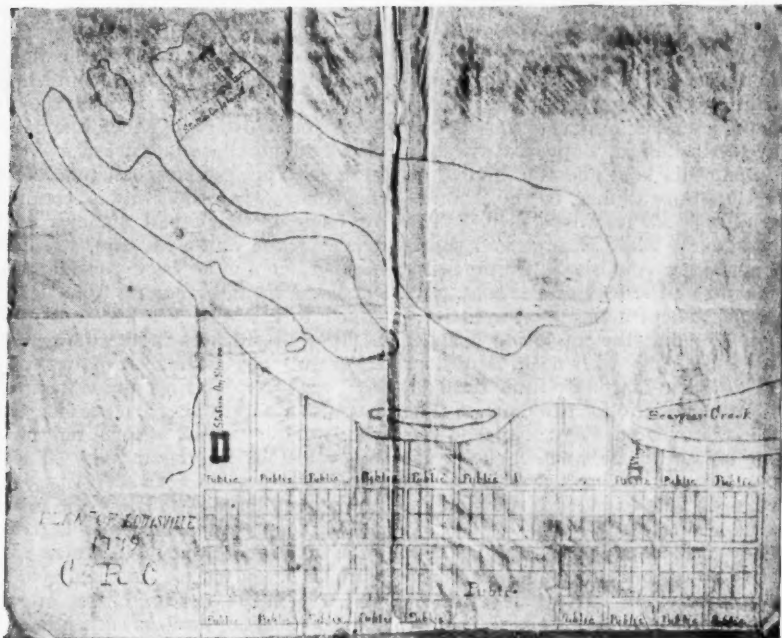
During nearly a year of residence on the island and on the shore, the colonists had not been disturbed by the Indians. They therefore concluded that the conquest of the Illinois country by General Clark had made a residence at the falls safe, and, as their numbers had now been considerably increased by new-comers, they determined to establish a town and build houses for residences outside of the fort. After duly considering the matter they held a public meeting and appointed seven of their number trustees for the purpose of laying off a town and making rules for its regulation. These trustees met on the 17th of April, 1779, and agreed upon the plan of the town, had a map made of it, and adopted rules for its government. As this action of these seven trustees is the first official step in the genesis of the city of Louisville, a fac-simile of their proceedings is given on page 455 from the manuscript in the possession of the writer.

The plan of the town thus laid out, as shown by the map made by John Corbly, which was recorded in the county court of Kentucky County as the official act of the trustees, showed eighty-eight half-acre lots on two sides of a street corresponding with the present Main, from First to Twelfth, and twenty-eight more lots below and to the north of Main street as far down as Fourteenth street in the northern bend of the river, making one hundred and sixteen in all.

These lots, as shown by a contemporary map made by William Bard, were disposed of by chance on the 24th of April, 1779, and the act of the trustees thus confirmed by the citizens. This Bard map is like that of Corbly except that it contains the initials of the names of those who drew the lots, which do not appear on the map of Corbly. The most singular feature of both of these maps is the numbers of the lots. The numbering begins with lot No. 1, at the northeast corner of Main and Fifth

river north of Main and winds among them until the last lot, No. 116, is reached at the northwestern extreme.

A map of the new town at the falls was also made by General George Rogers Clark, in 1779. It does not give the names of the streets nor the numbers of the lots, but the three streets parallel to the river known to be Main, Market, and Jefferson, and the cross streets from First to Twelfth are laid down, with all the territory systematically divided into public lots and



Original in possession of Colonel Durrett.

MAP OF LOUISVILLE, BY GENERAL GEORGE ROGERS CLARK, 1779.

streets, and proceeds up the north side of Main to First and then returns on the south side of Main to Fifth. It then begins again on the northwest corner of Main and Fifth with lot No. 33, proceeds down Main to Ninth and then returns to Fifth. This singular numbering up and down Main street is repeated between Ninth and Eleventh and between Eleventh and Twelfth streets, where lot No. 88 is reached. It then takes the lots in the bend of the

private. All the ground between Main street and the river and two whole squares where the Court House now stands, and a strip south of the Jefferson street lots, half a square wide and extending the whole length of the town, is marked "public." Had this plan been adopted and adhered to by the trustees, Louisville, with these public grounds or parks adorned with the original forest trees, would have been one of the handsomest cities on the

continent. General Clark's map also gives the outlines of the islands in the river in front of the town as they appeared to the first settlers, and shows the ground plan of the block-houses and cabins built on the largest of these islands in 1778, as well as the forts on the main land in 1779. The little quadrilateral near the mouth of Beargrass Creek represents a fort begun by Colonel John Floyd in 1779, but never finished. He abandoned it and built a large fort on his land on the middle fork of Beargrass Creek, six miles from the town.

And thus the fifty men, women, and children whom General Clark left on Corn Island, May 27, 1778, with others who afterwards joined them, became the founders of the city of Louisville, April 17, 1779. Their town was as yet on paper only, but they and their successors were destined to make it on land. The work to be done was fearfully dangerous and onerous, but the men and the women were present who would shrink from nothing that mortals could do. They were in a wilderness

five hundred miles from the homes they had left, and all was strange around them. No familiar object met their eyes, and none but startling sounds fell upon their ears. Instead of the cheering voices of domestic animals around the family home, they heard the howl of the wolf and the scream of the panther and the yell of the savage. When they looked upon their little keg of meal that sat in the cabin corner and contained but little, they knew that the ground had to be cleared and the corn planted that was to replenish it. The dark forest was to be felled, the deep pond was to be drained, the farm was to be opened and the dwelling-house was to be built, and all within reach of the tomahawk and the scalping knife of the Indian. They went to their work, however, with brave hearts and iron wills, and laid the foundation of a city whose two hundred thousand inhabitants are now proud to look back through the changes of one hundred and fifteen years to the humble beginning of April 17, 1779.

## MONOCHROME

BY ELEANOR M. DENNY.

GRAY sea, gray sky, a vapory veil of gray  
Dividing both and shrouding all the land;  
Beyond, tall forms of trees, mist-wreathed, and sad  
With the dun drapery of pendent moss—

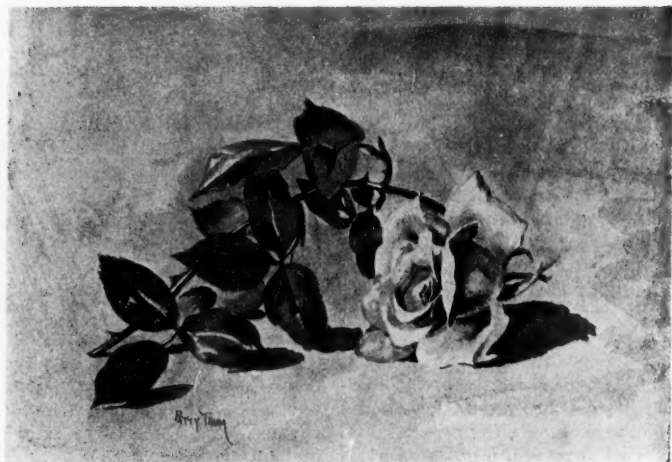
And where the weather-beaten church its cross  
Lifts up against a landscape all unglad,  
An ashen face, shading with trembling hand,  
Drear, hopeless eyes strained outward o'er the bay.

PASS CHRISTIAN, MISS.



## JUNE.

BY BETTIE GARLAND.



*"And what so rare as a day in June."*

WARM wind and soft wind,  
White arm of sunshine  
Dip down and unclasp  
Rose buds that close twine.  
Blow 'cross the green hedge  
Rose breath and rose leaf,  
Bud, bloom, and full blown  
Fair summer's June sheaf.

Ope hearts of closed buds,  
Breathe forth a love tune,  
Then wreathe a queen's crown,  
Rose crown for fair June.  
Small cups and large cups  
Hang on the full vine,  
Whole cups and half cups ;  
Drink, bees, 'tis rose wine.

White lips and pink lips,  
Sing, sing a rose rhyme,  
Sing loud and sing soft,  
Rose rhymes for June time.  
Death lurks beyond there  
Just o'er the hedge stile ;  
Whate'er may come then,  
June lives in God's smile.



*Drawing by B. Gutmann, from photograph.*

General Jubal A. Early—1863.

## GENERAL JUBAL ANDERSON EARLY.

BY LAWRENCE S. MARVE.

IN the death of General Early there passed from the scenes of earth one of the most heroic, indomitable spirits that ever inhabited the human breast. The present generation has not furnished a more unique character. With the individualism, if not the eccentricity of Randolph of Roanoke, he was as resolute and self-willed as "Old Hickory" himself, as erect and courageous in the maintenance of principle as the stoutest patriot or martyr who ever defied the dungeon or the stake. Steadfast, persistent, irreconcilable, his effigy will, next to that of Jefferson Davis, occupy the highest niche in the pantheon of implacable survivors of the cause that was enshrouded in defeat, but not in dishonor.

He was born in Franklin County,

Virginia, on the third of November, 1816, and was consequently in his seventy-eighth year, though from his venerable appearance he might have been taken for a hundred. The bent form, clothed in Confederate gray; the white beard descending to the waist; the unsteady gait, requiring the habitual support of a staff; the penetrating eye, and strong visage, made up a striking figure that was wont in every company to arrest attention and arouse interest.

He came of good ancestry on both sides, his father being a substantial farmer, and his mother, a Miss Hairston, belonging to the largest slaveholding family in the State. A paternal ancestor, in the third or fourth degree removed, from some queer conceit, af-

flicted his ten sons with the patriarchal names of the Old Testament that commenced with the letter J—Jeremiah, Joshua, Josiah, etc.—and these dismal appellations have been perpetuated in

spicuously on both sides in the Confederate war, among them Generals J. C. Pemberton and Joe Hooker. The hostile attitude in after years of Early and Hooker was anticipated by a per-



*Drawn by B. Gutmann.*

EARLY'S OLD RESIDENCE.

the family. The General's father rejoiced in the name of Joab, the great captain and warrior of King David, and most certainly he transmitted to his son Jubal the military proclivities and talents of the Israelitish chieftain. But if a forecast of his future character was intended by thus calling him after that son of Lamech, who was "the father of such as handle the harp and organ," never was there a more palpable miss, for his stern temper was but little moved by the concord of sweet sounds. The music congenial to his nature was the rattle of musketry and the cannon's "deep thunder, peal on peal afar."

The vigorous intellect with which he was endowed by nature received the best elementary training afforded by the schools of his section of the State; and in May, 1833, being then in his seventeenth year, he entered the National Military Academy at West Point. Here his naturally fine gift for mathematics enabled him, without especial effort or application, to keep along with his class, and at the end of four years he graduated fairly well, as second lieutenant of artillery. Among his classmates were several who figured con-

sonal collision at West Point. The question of slavery was one evening discussed in the "Debating Society," and young Hooker recounted some of the hideous stories of Southern cruelty as his credulous mind had imbibed them; among others, that superannuated negroes were summarily put to death to get them out of the way. Early denounced it as a slander, and Hooker retorted that no gentleman would employ such language. When the society adjourned Early vigorously assaulted his adversary. The story as told by General Early is a ludicrous one, and it certainly was not in that early encounter that the other combatant acquired the sobriquet of "fighting Joe Hooker."

The famous shanty of Ben Haven was then in existence, under the hill some three miles below the Point, whither the more socially inclined cadets were accustomed to repair surreptitiously for a savory spread of good things, including a generous flow of fun and fluids. General Early told the writer that the well-known song of the cadets, "At Benny Havens O," was not in vogue in his day, but that it must have been very soon afterwards.

since he had it from a classmate of Thomas Jonathan Jackson, that on his graduation he ran down to New York with several members of the class, where, around a festive board, young "Stonewall" waked the echoes with "Benny Havens O."

Soon after graduating, young Early was ordered to Florida, and served for several months in the Seminole war. On its termination he resigned his commission in the army, and returning to his native county in Virginia, studied law and entered upon a successful practice. His mind was in a very high degree analytical, and for a sound and clear perception of the principles of the law he was regarded as second to no one of the distinguished jurists who at that day graced the Virginia bar.

On the outbreak of hostilities with Mexico, he tendered his services and was appointed major in Hamtramck's Virginia regiment, enlisted for duty in that field. General Early told the writer that when he started from Richmond, to embark at Old Point Comfort for his destination at Mexico, Governor William Smith, then serving his first term as executive of the State, presented him with two bottles of French brandy for medicinal purposes in the field. I remarked to the General that I had seen the statement that a similar present was made to General Lee when he started for the same field as a major on the staff of General Scott, and that he brought the bottles back unopened after the war, and during his presidency of Washington and Lee University presented them to a sick lady friend in Lexington; and I asked General Early if he had made a like disposition of his.

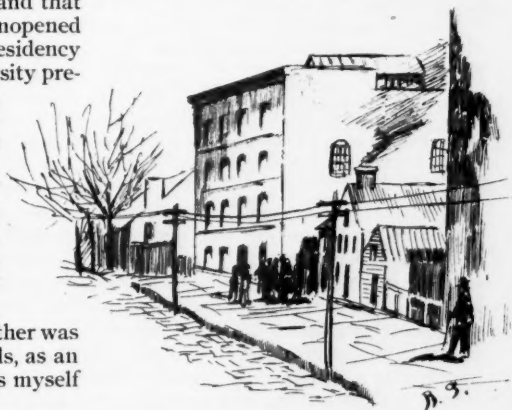
"There was a variation of several degrees," he replied, "between General Lee's experience and mine. I investigated the contents of one of my bottles on the way out, to prevent sea-sickness, and the other was uncorked with a party of friends, as an antidote to malaria, while I was myself governor."

Upon my expressing surprise that

he was entitled to be called "governor," he said, with a twinkle of the eye, that I exposed my ignorance of the history of my country in not knowing that, after the capitulation of the City of Mexico, he was appointed military governor of Monterey. I did, in fact, know that for many months he discharged the responsible and delicate duties of that position. The exposure of the service in Mexico brought on the rheumatism from which his body was bent, ever after presenting the pathetic picture with which almost everybody in Virginia was so familiar.

He returned to the law practice in Franklin County, being elected commonwealth's attorney, as the prosecutor of criminals is called in Virginia; and twice he represented that county in the legislature. General Early was an ardent member of the old Whig party, and when sectional animosities had culminated in the secession of two or three of the Southern states, he was chosen by the people of his native county, as a conservative and union man, to represent them in the convention called to consider the state of the country, for which position he was elected over an opponent who favored secession.

In that body of the most noted men in the State, a large majority favored the preservation of the Union, if possible, and General Early took rank among the leading advocates of that sentiment. Some four years ago, in the course of a



IN RICHMOND.

newspaper controversy with a gentleman of Virginia, the latter charged him with inconsistency in being such an unreconstructed rebel, when he was so abject a unionist in the convention of 1861 that he had to be driven into the support of the secession ordinance. In reply to this, General Early quoted the following passage from his "Memoir of the Last Year of the War":

When the question of practical secession from the United States arose, as a citizen of the state of Virginia, and a member of the convention called by the authority of the legislature of that State, I opposed secession with all the ability I possessed, with the hope that the horrors of civil war might be averted, and that a returning sense of duty and justice on the part of the masses of the Northern States would induce them to respect the rights of the people of the South. While some Northern politicians and editors, who subsequently took rank among the most unscrupulous and vindictive of our enemies, and who now hold me to be a traitor and a rebel, were openly and sedulously justifying and encouraging secession, I was laboring honestly and earnestly to preserve the Union.

As a member of the Virginia Convention, I voted against the ordinance of secession on its passage by that body, with the hope that, even then, the collision of arms might be avoided, and some satisfactory adjustment arrived at. The adoption of that ordinance wrung from me bitter tears of grief; but I at once recognized my duty to abide the decision of my native State, and to defend her soil against invasion. Any scruples which I may have entertained as to the right of secession were soon dispelled by the mad, wicked, and unconstitutional measures of the authorities at Washington, and the frenzied clamor of the people of the North for war upon their former brethren of the South.

I recognized the right of resistance and revolution as exercised by our fathers in 1776, and, without cavil as to the name by which it was called, I entered the military service of my State, willingly, cheerfully, and zealously. And when the state of Virginia became one of the Confederate States, and her troops were turned over to the Confederate government, I embraced the cause of the whole Confederacy.

On the day the ordinance of secession (in which he reluctantly acquiesced after voting against it) was passed, the 17th of April, he was appointed by Governor Letcher, a staunch Democrat and political opponent of General Early in former days, a colonel in the Virginia forces, and placed upon a commission to enlist and organize the Virginia

troops. As commander of the post at Lynchburg, he mustered into service the companies enlisting in that section of the State, and, when ten of these were mustered in, they were consolidated into the 24th Virginia regiment, and he was, at his own request, appointed to the command of it, with the same rank of colonel in the Confederate service. He at once reported with his command to Beauregard at Manassas. On the morning of the 21st of July he was, as ranking colonel, in command of a brigade posted on the extreme Confederate right at the lower fords of Bull Run. Late in the progress of the doubtful conflict of that eventful day he received orders to march his brigade to the scene of action, nine miles distant. By rapid marching he reached the scene at the very crisis of the battle, and, deploying on the extreme left, outflanked the attacking column of the enemy, and decided the fate of the day. Despite the graphic and familiar narrative of the decisive blow being struck by Kirby Smith's troops, arriving at a double-quick at the fateful moment, the indisputable truth of history is that this credit belongs mainly to Early's brigade, which went to the left of Elzey's brigade sent in by Kirby Smith, and turned the enemy's flank, whereupon the stampede ensued. In recognition of his services on this occasion he was made brigadier-general.

When this statement, or one substantially the same, of Early's part in the battle of First Manassas, was published in one or more of the Virginia papers at the time of his death, some of General Kirby Smith's friends were disposed to question its authenticity. General Early was never the man to magnify his own exploits; on the contrary, it was his wont to understate rather than exaggerate them. From his brief and modest report of the participation of his command in that battle, it appears that he arrived on the field of conflict after the troops brought in by Kirby Smith (consisting of Elzey's brigade and Beckham's battery) were in position, the brigade in front of the Federal right wing, and the battery farther to the Confederate left. The effort of the



enemy was to out-flank us; and Early, without specific orders, seizing the situation, rapidly marched his three regiments farther to the left, out-flanking the Federals and getting partially in their rear. There was nothing to the left of him except the cavalry force of Jeb Stuart and Beckham's artillery, which opportunely moved farther around and opened upon the enemy's right and rear with deadly effect. A perusal of General Beauregard's report, which may be found in Volume 2, Series 1, of the "Official Records of the War of the Rebellion," will fully substantiate the above statements. See particularly page 496.

This ascription to General Early of the timely and priceless service he rendered on that occasion, does not in the least detract from the high praise to which Kirby Smith and his gallant troops are justly entitled. The decisive blow was struck by a movement along the whole line, by Elzey's brigade, of Kirby Smith's command, together with three Virginia and two South Carolina regiments, and one Maryland and one Tennessee regiment upon the enemy's front, and by Early's brigade upon his extreme right and rear. It simply chanced to Early that he was in a position to render the most effective service at the supreme moment, thus turning the doubtful tide of battle. It is possible and it is proper to accord credit where credit is due without disparaging the achievements of any upon that historic field.

I have dwelt at some length on this chapter of General Early's military record because it was his first participation in a hotly contested battle, and brought into prominent display the quick, soldierly instinct and large military capacity which characterized his subsequent career.

In the retreat up the Peninsular before McClellan, in the spring of 1862, Early's brigade rendered conspicuous service, and, at the battle of Williamsburg, he was severely wounded and incapacitated for service. But after two months of medical treatment, with characteristic obstinacy he reported for duty, against the remonstrance of his physicians.

When after the Seven Days' battles around Richmond, Jackson led the van of the Confederate forces toward the Valley, Early led the advance of Jackson's troops, and at the battle of Slaughter Mountain he was in the advance and bore the brunt of that hotly contested field. His command constituted part of Jackson's corps in the circuitous march around Pope's army and through Thorofare Gap to the scene of Second Manassas, and rendered most essential service in repelling the successive assaults of the enemy for three days until the arrival of Longstreet's corps, on the 29th. It was the men of his command who hurled stones at the enemy, at the railroad crossing, when their ammunition was exhausted. He was then made major-general and assigned to a division; and at Antietam sustained and repelled the fierce assaults of McClellan's forces on the left of the Confederate line.

At the battle of Fredericksburg, on the 13th of December, 1862, his prompt military perception and skill found an emergent occasion for exercise. Jackson's corps was on the Confederate right and Early's was his reserve division, near Hamilton's Crossing. About one o'clock a portion of Franklin's corps, consisting of ten thousand men under General Meade, broke through two of A. P. Hill's brigades on the Confederate front, threatening a disastrous rupture of Lee's lines. The writer, who was at that time a member of Early's staff, well remembers the breathless excitement with which the late Captain Hampden Chamberlayne dashed up and informed General Early of the situation. Quickly, but with a calm demeanor, Early led his division into "the imminent deadly breach," drove back the enemy, and restored the broken and disordered line upon the railroad front. It was a brilliant assault of Meade's, and if Early had not so promptly recovered our lost ground, Franklin would doubtless have thrown the rest of his corps of fifty thousand men into the breach made by Meade, to the imminent peril of Lee's army.

Jackson made his dispositions for an

advance against the enemy, to be announced by a signal from the artillery under Colonel Thompson Brown, just at sunset. The plan was not carried



*Drawn by B. Gutmann, from life.*

GENERAL JUBAL A. EARLY—1893.

into execution, but in the preliminary arrangements General Early rode with his staff to the front of the line, halting between two large posts where there had formerly been a gate. The enemy's heavy pieces, planted on the Stafford heights opposite, were about a mile and a half distant. Some of their gunners, recognizing our party as a general officer and his staff, commenced getting our range by an occasional shot. This did not attract our special attention at first, but the incessant minnie balls from the enemy's pickets caused a decidedly uncomfortable feeling. Every soldier knows how involuntarily he jerks his head when one of these customers whistles by. General Early noting these nervous movements commenced

to reprove us just at the moment, as the sequel showed, that one of the largest guns had gotten his exact range. "Sit up like soldiers," said he. "I do not like to see the members of my staff dodging and ducking their heads; you are in no more danger if you sit straight up; a soldier ought never to duck his head at a ball." Just as he uttered the last word a seventy-pounder came crashing through the trees and would inevitably have killed him. Quick as lightning he threw himself half under his horse as the monster passed over the animal—"unless," said the general, straightening up and completing the sentence, "it is one of those d—d great big things."

The General was fond of getting jokes on his friends; and, as a set-off, the writer kept this in reserve, and around a festal board in Lynchburg a few years since, where several old Confederate veterans were gathered, he told it on the General, who was present, and who, submerged by the merriment it created, endeavored by half-denials, but all to no purpose, to get out of it.

At the battle of Chancellorsville, in the early days of May, 1863, Hooker entrenched himself in the vicinity of the Chancellor house, with ninety thousand men, while Sedgwick, with twenty-three thousand, occupied the heights opposite Fredericksburg, distant ten miles from Chancellorsville. Lee moved against Hooker with his main, but greatly inferior force, leaving Early, with eighty-five hundred men, to prevent Sedgwick from effecting a junction with Hooker. This Early by skillful manœuvring accomplished; for, though Sedgwick, by overwhelming numbers, got possession of Marye's heights on Sunday morning, yet Early, in co-operation with two of Longstreet's divisions on Monday, dislodged him from that commanding position, and drove him back across the river at Bank's ford, completely frustrating his effort to join Hooker. To this failure of Sedgwick to come to his support Hooker attributed his defeat.

Early's efficient service at Gettysburg, in arriving by a forced march opportunely upon the field on the first day, and, in conjunction with Rodde,

driving from the field two corps of the enemy under Reynolds, constitutes the well-known opening act in that sanguinary drama. Equally well known is his holding the left of Lee's army during the two succeeding days, so as to enable the assault upon Cemetery Ridge to be made from our right.

While General Early was at the town of York, a day or two before the battle of Gettysburg, he levied upon that place a contribution of a hundred thousand dollars in clothing and supplies, and a hundred thousand in money. The clothing and supplies were furnished, but the citizens could scrape together only seventy-two thousand dollars of money. About ten years after the close of the war, a wealthy merchant from York happened to be in Lynchburg, when General Early, who could, when he wished, assume a solemn exterior under circumstances ever so ludicrous, demanded of this "son of York" the sum of twenty-eight thousand dollars as still due him upon his unsatisfied levy; and threatened to sue out a foreign attachment against the astonished Pennsylvanian.

On his march from York to Gettysburg, General Early passed the large iron furnace and foundry of that inveterate abolitionist, Thad. Stevens, which was employed in manufacturing munitions of war for the Federal army. Calling a brief halt, he burnt the costly plant to the ground. During General Early's residence in Canada, near Niagara Falls, for the first few years after the war, General John C. Breckenridge was for a time a sojourner with him there. Congressman Beck, of Kentucky, afterwards Senator, being a Union man, had remained in Congress during the war and for some time after. He came on to pay Breckenridge a visit, and while there seeing the announcement of Thad. Stevens' death, he remarked to General Early that Stevens, who was a fellow-congressman, had expressed a kindly feeling for him

(Early) for having endeavored to protect his iron-works, but had bitterly denounced General Barksdale for setting fire to them.

"What is that you say?" exclaimed General Early.

"Why," responded Beck, "Stevens said he felt grateful to you for placing a guard over the property, but that Barksdale burnt it down, and he only regretted that the latter had not survived the war in order that he might have his revenge upon him."

"Barksdale was twenty miles away and had nothing whatever to do with it," said General Early. "I did, to be sure, place a guard over the property; but it was to prevent anything from being removed until I could have the torch applied." Heaving a deep sigh, the General exclaimed feelingly, "King of Israel!" (a favorite invocation with him), "this is too bad, too bad! How can I endure to think that old Thad. died with the mistaken idea that I had done him a kindness? I will never get over this mortification. Goodness gracious! King of Israel!"

In the two days' battle of the Wilderness, and at the sanguinary assaults



WALKWAY TO RESIDENCE.

of the enemy upon the 10th and 12th of May, at Spottsylvania Court House, Early rendered conspicuous service,

after which he was made lieutenant-general and assigned to the command of A. P. Hill's corps, that officer being sick and unable to remain in the field. On the 12th of June, 1864, in front of Richmond, Early received orders from General Lee to move with the second corps to the Shenandoah Valley to meet Hunter, who was devastating that fair and fertile region by brutal incendiarism and spoliation. On arriving at Charlottesville, Early learned that Hunter was in Bedford County moving upon Lynchburg. The distance was sixty miles; but by instant dispatch the railroad trains were appropriated and his forces hurried forward, arriving not a moment too soon to protect the city from rapine and plunder, to which it was foredoomed in the mind of the ruthless invader. Thwarted in his purpose to ravage Lynchburg and cut Lee's railway communications with the South and West, Hunter beat a hasty retreat through the mountains and out of the State by way of Kanawha.

Early moved leisurely into the valley. Lee had given Early discretionary powers to operate in the valley or cross the Potomac into Maryland and Pennsylvania. He decided upon the latter, against a cautionary intimation from Lee that, having rid the State of the marauding hordes of Hunter, he had, perhaps, better content himself for the present with protecting that section from further invasions and devastations of the enemy. Entering Maryland, he routed a force of ten thousand men under General Lew Wallace, at Monocacy, and, pushing forward with less than eight thousand muskets and forty pieces of field artillery, he for three days threatened Washington, in plain view of the spires of the city and the dome of the capitol. Pallid fear seized upon the hearts of the officials at Washington, and the sixth corps, and part of the eighth and ninth corps, were hurried from Grant's army to the rescue of the menaced city. Early retraced his steps by slow marches, and, unmolested, recrossed the Potomac into Virginia. Two weeks later he sent McCausland, with two brigades, into Pennsylvania to retaliate upon its peo-

ple for the barbarities committed by Hunter. He was instructed to demand of the municipal authorities of Chambersburg one hundred thousand dollars in gold and five hundred thousand dollars in United States currency, as compensation for the destruction of houses in Virginia, among them the private residences of Mr. Andrew Hunter, Mr. Alexander R. Boteler, and Mr. Edmund I. Lee, a distant relative of General Lee, all in Jefferson County. The demand was ridiculed as an idle bravado, and McCausland forthwith executed his alternative order of laying the town in ashes.

The next eventful story of his career was the battle of Winchester. There, with less than ten thousand men of all arms, he withstood over forty thousand of the enemy, infantry and artillery, with splendidly equipped and formidable cavalry. That Early was permitted at night to withdraw his troops in good order, without molestation from a cavalry force exceeding in number his entire command of all arms, is one of the most notable events of skill and heroism chronicled in all the annals of strategic skill. It is useless here to recapitulate the succeeding disastrous days of Early's command in the Valley.

The battle of Cedar Creek, on the 19th of October, which commenced in a signal victory and ended in a signal defeat, is the sole instance of a lost battle in the long and illustrious career of Early; but the pen of impartial history will record that this disaster was not to be accounted to him. Where the fault lay it is not necessary here to discuss. It will come out in luminous letters in the veracious record of the Confederate war, yet to be written by the colorless and dispassionate pen of history. That dispassionate pen will write that he was one of the few heroic figures of the Homeric type that the fierce appeal to arms brought to the front. It will undoubtedly declare that, next to Jackson, General Lee regarded him as the fittest of all his lieutenants for separate command. And this opinion General Lee is known to have steadfastly maintained, despite the reverses which clouded the close of his career.



Taken by B. Gutmann.

## DEATH MASK OF GENERAL EARLY.

There has been a great deal of criticism, mainly in the North, and much of it uncharitable, of General Early's connection with a much-discussed lottery. When the position was tendered him, he would not accept it until he had thoroughly satisfied himself that he and his associate superintendent, General Beauregard, would be permitted to conduct it in an absolutely fair and honest way. This they did; and it is to be noted that in all the violent invective against its alleged immorality, there never was, so far as the writer ever observed, a single charge of fraud or unfairness during the twenty years of their connection with it. And if it be said that the large income of over \$400,000, which General Early received from it, came in a questionable way, it must be remembered, on the other hand, that the great bulk of it went in a way that does undying credit to his liberal, unselfish, and charitable nature. With it he placed his near and more remote family connections in comfortable circumstances, and disbursed it unceasingly with a lavish hand, in the thousand calls

upon him from the widows and children of Confederate soldiers throughout the South, even in hundreds upon hundreds of cases where he did not personally know the recipients. No worthy object of charity, and especially no old comrade in arms, or his dependent family, ever appealed to him in vain. In these good deeds and benevolences, much the larger part of it was expended; for, when an appointment of administrator was made upon his estate, which consisted wholly of personalty, it was estimated at only ninety thousand dollars.

It has been said that he was a rough diamond. Beneath a severe and cynical exterior he had a warm and sympathetic heart. He abhorred all shams and indirections. Flattery and blandishment he disdained; and, as Cromwell enjoined upon the painter to display the disfiguring wart upon his face, so General Early wished to be recognized and represented as he actually was, and even worse than he was.

His most marked trait was, perhaps, the indomitable tenacity with which he



adhered to a course of conduct, when once prescribed for himself as resting upon right and principle. It was far and wide familiar as a proverb that nothing whatever, neither height nor depth, nor principalities nor powers, could shake his firm soul from its fidelity and devotion to the sacred memories of the Lost Cause. To them he was faithful even unto death. From the mournful day at Appomattox to the last pulsation of his heart, he continually, like another Xavier, went through life ringing the notes of that constant refrain. If every comrade of that cause had discarded its traditions and refused longer to defend them, he would have been like Abdiel "faithful found among the faithless, faithful only he."

It was his habit to spend the summer months at the Yellow Sulphur Springs, in Montgomery County, to which select and delightful resort he invariably carried members of his family connection, including a bevy of his fair nieces gathered from Virginia to Missouri. There in the afternoons he might be seen in the shade of the lawn in company with General Beauregard, always a punctual visitor at these Springs, the circle occasionally enlarged by some congenial friend whose Confederate record was fair—for a blot on that escutcheon was a bar absolute to an acquaintance with Jubal Early.

His health declined rapidly during the last six months of his life; but, to within a few weeks of the end, his eye was not dim nor the natural force of his mind abated. On the night of the 2d of March, in full consciousness and composure of mind, he passed away. Old soldiers and citizens by the hundred came to view the mute form and

familiar features; and from all parts of the state, and from other states, men distinguished in war and peace came to pay honor to the memory of the dead leader. The cadets from the Military Institute, at Lexington, and detachments from military organizations throughout the state, united with the home companies to bury him with all the imposing pomp and pageantry that it was meet to accord so distinguished a chieftain. A cast of his face was taken by a gifted artist to transmit the noble features to posterity. With martial music and parade, with civic display, with solemn toll of the bell, and dirge of cathedral organ, and impressive burial rite, he was laid to rest with every testimonial of esteem that friendship and affection and admiration could bestow. The burial suit and the lining of the casket were of Confederate gray that he loved so fondly; and the grave was encompassed throughout with cloth of the same hue. The spot selected was upon an eminence of the beautiful cemetery through which his lines lay when he drove Hunter from their meditated pillage of the city. As the round disc of the sun touched the horizon, the casket was lowered to its place of rest. The earth was gently placed upon it, the bugler of the cadet band sounded "taps," "lights out," and the solemn obsequies were over.

There let his ashes rest in repose, and while that which was mortal shall mingle with its mother earth, the grateful countrymen of his beloved South will accord to him an immortal meed of honor for the valor and virtue, the deathless fidelity and devotion, which so distinguished his illustrious career.



## OLE MISS'S LAST TANTRUM.

BY MARTHA McCULLOCH WILLIAMS.

"OLE Miss wus one good 'ooman—'bout de bes' ever I seed, cep'in' 'twus when she wus in dem tantrums. Better look out den, gent'emen, suh! I ruther go stick my haid in de bum-bly-bee's nes' 'an ter tackle Ole Miss when she was ra'ale, sho' 'nough, up-an'-down mad. We-all called 'er Ole Miss, but she wa'ant ole ter hurt—des nineteen y'ars older'n Marse Jack, her son—an' sof' an' pink an' purtty as er peach. Gent'emens frum seben counties used ter be dar at our house at one time, sumtimes—all on 'em tryin' ter co'te Ole Miss; but, sho's you's er foot high, dey had er rocky road.

"Ole Miss p'int'edly did n' wanten marry ergin. Fust time she took er man ole enough fer her pappy—she jes' se-benteen an' him forty-odd. Arter he up an' died an' lef' her, Marse Jack, an' de big prop'ty, 'pear lek' all she studied 'bout wus des takin' kere er dem.

"'Twus one er dem beaux—Marse Cunnel Rollins—whoe sot 'er off in de fust tantrum ever I knowed anything erbout. Marse Jack wus des seben, an' she'd been widder five years. Ole Marse Cunnel he des kep' de pafe hot 'twix' his house an' oun. She tole 'im 'no,' an' tole 'im 'no,' an' fas' as she said it, he come back ter ax 'er did'n' it mean 'yes.'

"One day me an' Marse Jack met 'im on de road. 'Twus my reg'ler week ter ca'y dat chile whareber he wanten go, an' see 'at he did n' get hurt. We's des er trottin' 'long, me on 'Merry-Tan,' de las' hawse Jack's pappy eber rid, an' him pyerched up on 'Fly-by-Night, de race ma'ar dat Ole Miss would n' er sole fer 'er weight in silver.

"Marse Cunnel want 'er 'bout as bad as he did Ole Miss. Great man he wus fer fine stock, an' rid des lek' de debble wus 'hine 'im. We seed 'im comin' des er gilpin', but when he cotch up wid us he did n' go by.

"Stid er dat, he rid long wid Jack,

des er talkin' an' palaverin' erway 'till he made de chile think he wus man grown, an' bigger 'n Marse Cunnel hisse'f.

"Dat made me expicion som'p'n right off. I rid 'long jes' 'hin' 'um, an' ev'y now an' den I fotched in er wurd—craps, wedder, an' sech—braggin' on our fahm, case I wanten make Marse Cunnel mad, an' start 'im tellin' 'bout how one er his wheat-fiel's turnt out sech er crap he ha' ter rent ground ter shock hit on.

"But no-ser-ee-bob! He too sharp fer dat. Pres'en'y he feel'd in all he pawkits, den say ter Marse Jack:

"'Bless my soul, young man; do you know whut I've done? I bought you a knife at the Cou't House yistidd'y—one with fo' blades an' er gimlet to it; I came this mawnin' er purpose ter bring it ter you—now I find I've lef' it at home.'

"Jack's mouf gut all a-trimble. Knife lek' dat he want wus'ser'n anything, but Ole Miss would n' gi' it ter 'im 'fear'd he cut hisse'f. He'd er rode hundred miles fer it any day, but he could n' say, 'Le's go back an' git it,' case he knowed Marse Cunnel was boun' fer we-all's house, an' he had been fotched up sence he could talk ter un'erstan' what er gent'eman mus' do fer 'is company. He sot his mouf sorter hard an' say, 'I'm sorry, too, Cunnel. Won't you bring it termorrer?'

"'I cain't,' ses Marse Cunnel. 'I've got ter go back ter co'te. O! I say, send Peter over ter my house ahfter it while we jog 'long home.'

"'Co'se I will,' ses Jack, settin' up in he saddle grand as Marse Cunnel hisse'f.

"I did n' wanten go a bit, but 't wa'n't no use ter say er wurd. Marse Cunnel writ on a piece er paper whut he say I mus' gi' ter Miss Ma'y Rollins, his sister whoe kep' house fer 'im, an' off I went lippity-clippity, fas' as 'Merry-Tan' could ca'y me.

"I wanter come an' go 'fore dey gut home, an' let Ole Miss see I done let Jack outen my sight. But somehow I could n' fetch it. Miss Ma'y Rollins tooked her pledgue time about fin'in' de knife. When mean' Merry-Tan' got home dar wus Marse Cunnel's hawse wid Jack's saddle on him, an' 'Fly-by-Night' dancin' on all her fo' huffs at once, tryin' tu fling de big, high-peaked Texican one Marse Cunnel always rid.

"Wusser 'n dat, Old Miss wus on de peazzer, right at de steps. Marse Cunnel fanin' her an' Jack white as de ruffle on he little shirt, stannin' 'twix' dem two, his arms folded, his mouf shot tell twus des er crease in he face. I heerd Ole Miss say, not loud but wid er sorter aidge tu de wurds:

"'Jack, a gentleman always keeps his word—*ef he knows he has* passed it. Now, tell me de trufe. Did you know what you were doin'? Are you willin' tu part wid "Fly-by-Night"?"

"Jack desbellued 'No! Ma!' Herun an' cotched 'is mammy roun' de wais', an' hid 'is face 'ginst 'er.

"She sorter breathed hard, but try ter smile when she say: 'See how it is Cunnel, de boy is heart-broken. Whut mus' we give you to make you willin' tu rue de bargain?"

"'Jest this,' ses Marse Cunnel, ketchin' holt er Ole Miss's right han, an' drappin' on 'is knees ter kiss hit.

"Who-ee-ee! Did n' she turn white, an' de blue-fire came outer 'er eyes! He helt de han' so hard, he kissed hit two-th'ee times 'fo' she could pull hit erway.

"When she did, she drawed back an' gin 'im er slap full in de mouf, dat sont 'im keelin' haid-over-heels doun de peazzer-steps. 'Pears lek' Ole Miss wus strong ernough fer anything when de tantrum wus on.

"When I gut ter Marse Cunnel he look lek' des er pile er a'ms an' legs an' hat an' boots an' gloves. 'Watch'—de big sharp gyard dawg—gut dar 'bout de same time. He des as soon eat er man as ter look at 'im, an' gethered Marse Cunnel by de scruff er de neck an' shook 'im lek' er rat, tell Jack tole 'im ter let go.

"Den I pulled de gent'eman top

end up, an' sorter bresh de dus' offen 'im. Ole Miss she say, 'Peter, he'p dat gent'eman ter his hawse, open de front gate fer 'im, den take de animal he leaves yere ober ter Brother Bannister, de circuit-rider, an' ax 'im ter take it wid yo' Marse Jack's compliments.'

"Dat made Marse Cunnel madder 'n Tucker. He wus great Tom Paine man, an' did des 'spise dem Methdisses. Niggers ober ter his house say he out-cussed er camp-meetin' all de res' er dat week. Den de tale gut nar'ated roun'—an' Marse Cunnel Rollins he neber did hear de las' on it. Folks laughed an' joked 'im so much he took 'n' sole he lan an' went off ter Mis'sip'y. Dey tell me he ma'ied dar er red-headed ole maid wid bofe eyes crossed, an' er neck long ernough ter break, an' den tie tergedder in er bow-knot.

"Dat cyored Marse Jack er horse-tradin'. Up ter de day he wus sent off ter college, ye could n' say, 'Fly-by-Night,' ter 'im 'dout makin' 'im white in de face. Ole Miss hate ter lose de ma'ar—speshul dat erway—but arter while she sorter cum ter think hit all happen' fer de bes. Jack min'ed all she said till time he got ma'ied—an' dat was sprung on er unbeknowin' lek', so she did n' had no chance ter say whedder or no she leked hit.

"Ye see, Jack he went home wid he room-mate, Young Miss's brudder. Dey all knowed how rich he wus, an' set dey megs ter ketch 'im hard an' fas'.

"Dey done it, but hit took er sight er coo-pee'in' roun' de chile.

"Young Miss wus e'en 'bout old as him—he wa'n't twenty-one—an' de' wus two mo' grown gals crowdin' her, so she wus 'ginnin' ter want ter go ter er weddin' mighty bad.

"Oh! she wus er hareyful piece. Sof'er'n butter 'fo' comp'ny; cranky as de ole black ram's horn when de' wus nobody dar.

"Ole Miss wus er heap de preetties'—all us niggers said so de day de bride wus fotch home, dough de new lady wa'n't ter be sneezed at, wid her blue eyes an' yaller curls an' thick, white skin.

"Ole Miss wus tall an' slim, an' springy as de hickory saplin'. De yother one camed des erbout up ter her shoulders, and wus sorter squar' built an' flat-footed, while Ole Miss's foots look mos' too little ter walk on.

"Niggers wha' Young Miss fotched wid er tole we-all she wus metty high-larnt, an' came er sech big fambly Marse Jack orter count hisse'f lucky ter git 'er.

"Aun' Viny—our cook—she say: 'Pear lek' ter me er 'ooman as had er many beaux would n' er been in sech er brass-nation hurry ter marry er boy des no mo'n fa'rly nin'teen roun'-abouts.'

"Dat made all we-all laugh, an' one er dem new niggers she chuned up ter cry, an' run off ter tell her Miss Lizzie—dat wus Young Miss's name—how all us wuz makin' fun er her.

"Seem lek'dat sot 'er 'ginst eve'ything Marse Jack had: mammy, niggers, bird-dawg, an' all. 'Fo' she been dar er mont' Ponto an' Dixie wus druv way f'm de dinin'-room ha'th, whar dey been layin' always reg'lar as fires wus made.

"De po' things run whinin' an' shiverin' ter Ole Miss. She had gi'n up eve'ything ter de young folks 'cep'in' de big room whar Ole Marster died. Right in dar, on de big ha'th, she made beds fur dem dawgs, one each side, an' talk ter um an' pat de haid, twell I reckon dey thought dey done dead an' gone ter dawg-heaben.

"I wus in dar puttin' on de back-lawg when Young Miss come ter de do'. She look in, des as full er quail as er ol' settin' hen. Ponto wus settin' up on de fore laigs des lek' er dawg, Dixie layin' wid 'er haid on Ole Miss's foots. Seein' young Miss, Dixie try ter run under de baid. Ponto sorter g-r-owl and show he teefe. Ole Miss say, might' sof', 'Quiet, good dawgs,' an' bofe dem scrooch down des as happy as you please.

"Young Miss dart in an' start ter kick Ponto, hollerin', 'Git erway, you nasty dawg—you shant stay in my house.'

"Den you orter seed Ole Miss. She got up sorter tremblin', an' her eyes

look lek' dey bu'n holes in Young Miss's face. I say ter myse'f, 'Peter, boy, dat young 'ooman gwine ter hearsum'p'n'.'

"She did. Ole Miss went right up ter 'er an' say sof' and clear, 'In your house, Lizzie, you can do as you please. This one is mine, an' my son's dawgs are as welcome in it as dey marster.'

"At dat Young Miss turnt green. She had n' nebber dreamed fo' dat dat Ole Marster gi'n all he had ter 'is wife—an' all Jack got 'pended on her say-so. 'Pear lek' she gwine die a-knowin' it. She been thinkin' twus des de yother way, 'case Ole Miss had gin up ter her de keys, de haid er de table, an' all.

"Ole Miss had been fixin' ter gib Marse Jack all de fortune day he wus twenty-one. De way Young Miss 'haved ter dawgs sorter made er change er min'.

"'Fo' sun-up nex' mornin' she sent me lopin' off arter Marse Major Dabney. When I fotch 'im dem two sot down in de lib'r'y, whar Ole Miss kep' de papers an' 'count books an' all dat. Fust off Young Miss propped herse'f up in dar ter hear. Ole Miss axed her mighty sof': 'Gin us de room, please, Lizzie. Edmun' has always been my advisor in business, an' I want his 'pinion er a heap er things.'

"Dat sent er flouncin' out, mad as er wet hen. I wus dar ter keep fire up, an' fetch an' carry whut dey want. Pres'n'y I hear Marse Major say: 'Wait, Constance, he's a boy yet; 'sides, his wife has got er heap ter learn 'fo' she kin take yo' place.'

"Ole Miss always minded whut Marse Major said. He wus big man er heap in our county. Dey bin tryin' eber so long ter run 'im fer gub'ner an' congress an' coroner, but he wouldn' hab none er dem; say he gwine die lek' he borned, des plain Major Dabney.

"Him an' Ole Miss wus way-off yonder cousins. He wus leetle bit de ol'est, ef he had n' nebber got ma'ied.

"How came dat happen boddered half de wimmen in de county. Marse Major could er picked an' choosed 'mongst um ef he had er min' ter do it. He wait on um, oh yes! take um buggy-ridin', ca'y um flowers an' peaches an'

birds an' books, dance wid um at de pahties, squeeze dey han's when he tole um good-by, but dar hit stop. Did n' nobody eber git de chance ter say 'yes' er 'no' ter him.

"Ev'y week Ole Miss tole 'im he orter hab er wife, an' he laugh and tole 'er back, an' say, dem whoe he want wus heap too good fer him, an' dem whoe wus des good enough he did n' 'gin ter want. So he reckoned 'twus 'p'inted fer him ter live er bachelor an' die in er bachelor's hall.

"I tell ye he look funny stannin' sider Ole Miss. He warn't high as she wus, an' des as chuffy as he could live. But he could ride an shoot world widout eend. Nimble on he foots, too, same as he did n' weigh er hundred. His ha'ar was sorter red, an' 'is mustash look lek' dey crab-grass, but de wimmens los' dey heads 'bout 'im fur an' nigh.

"Case, ye see, he wus borned er gent'emen, fotch up er lawyer, an' could des 'suade any on 'em black wus white. Den 'is eyes wus sof' an' brown, wid er laugh in de bottom. 'Sides dat he wus rich as cream an' peaches.

"'Twa'n't no week in de y'ar he didn't come ter our house. Ole Miss never call 'im nothin' but Edmun'. He call her Constance, when dey by deyse'f. 'Fo' folks hit wus always, 'My cousin, Mrs. Reed.'

"Him comin' dar so much 'twa'n't long befo' Young Miss thought de sun riz an' set in him. She des as fliety as she quilsome. Marse Jack did n' pear ter be nothin' in 'er eyes.

"All de comfort he gut wuz in his mammy's room, like de dawgs.

"Dat warn't much. Minit he sot down dar, yere come Young Miss r'arin' an' chargin' 'bout som'p'n', an' he has ter go pacify her. 'Fo' six monts de boy gut tu look right pitiful, but he neber said nothin' ter nobody — least of all 'is mammy. She hed fotch 'im up ter know whut 'is pappy said: 'Ef ye make er bad bargain, stick de closteter ter it.'

"Dey warn't no 'sputin' Marse Jack had made a bad bargain. Young Miss always wantin' yother men ter come roun' 'er lek' flies roun' de honey-pot.

"'Twa'n't s'prisin' she tuk on over Marse Major Dabney—all de res' er de wimmen roun' dar thinked de sun riz an' set in 'im. De 'stonishin' part wus him er lettin' 'er do it, right dar dat erway under Ole Miss's nose.

"Co'se de wa'rnt no ra'ale ha'm in it. He des fatched Young Miss poiety books, an' axed 'er ter play de peanner fer 'im, an' tole 'er which'n er her grounds ter w'ar. But dat des clean turnt 'er haid. She could n' hardly b'ar fur 'im ter say how-dy ter Ole Miss. An' Marse Jack wus less 'count ter her 'an er yaller dawg when Marse Major Dabney come roun'.

"Ole Miss's last tantrum did n' happen 'bout dat, dough—leastways not straight out. Sorry folks git grown mighty fas'. Time Marse Jack wus twenty-two he done gut sech er ole haid on young shoulders, Ole Miss think he orter hab de prop'ty.

"She wus tired takin' keer on hit—sides de wus er heir ter christen, six weeks ole. Young Miss had been 'havin' herse'f lek' er Christyun eber sence he come.

"So dey made, O! er big pahty. De lawyers all come, an' Ole Miss gi' ter her son an' gran'son land, niggers, dumb critters, an' sheep—everything but de money in bank an' me an' my mammy, whoe had been always Ole Miss's waitin'-maid.

"Pear'd lek' she wus 'bout ten years younger, soon as she gut dat fortune offen 'er min'. She had on er black gound, same as she been w'arin' eber sence Old Marster died, but it had fine, white lace' roun' de wris'es an' neck, wid some pinky flowers all tangled up in it.

"De sight on er took 'way Marse Major Dabney's breff. He stood in de do' starin' at er like she some ghos' stid er bes' lookin' lady in de county. Young Miss seed 'im an' de way she darted at 'im wus er fa'ar sin tu Crockett.

"He howdied wid 'er metty frien'ly, tole 'er he glad er dey good luck, an' de baby er fine feller—could n' help but be, wid sech er mother an' gran' mother. All de time dough, he 'aint hardly took 'is eyes off Ole Miss, an' Young Miss



gettin' madder an' madder, tell she ready ter bust.

"She ain't liked it none too well—Ole Miss keepin' de money. Ef she gwine Miss Marse Major, too, tu'ns er blue night fer her.

"She wus er sly one dough. She wait twell arter supper on de back po'ch, whar she know Ole Miss boun' ter hear it, an' say ter som'body: 'Luck! bad luck! I call it. No doubt de sheriff 'll be arter Jack 'fo' six months. He has all de expense now—an' mother all de money. I reckon she must want ter buy her a husban' with it—she's tried ter git one every other way, an' failed.'

"Ole Miss would n' say nothin' dar befo' folks. She sign me ter foller 'er down de steps, out ter de gyardin gate. Dar she cotched hol' de top palin' an' snap hit right short off, den turn rown an' say: 'Peter, I 'll gi'n you ten dollars ter go down in de howse-lot an' say damn fer me—hard as er man can.'

"Dat gut me whar de wool's short. I 'se Christyun pus'en, I is. I did n' want neider ter dis'blige Ole Miss, ner

sink my soul ter torment. I say right out:

"'Ole Miss, I 'm boun' ter do whut-ever you tell me, but Marse Major Dabney's Ant'ny kin cuss he'p harder 'n me. He's er sinner, too, an' be glad er de job fer ten cents.'

"Ef he aint, I 'll take de contrac', Marse Major said, huggin' Ole Miss fit ter kill. Den he say, laughin' sof', 'Constance—darlin'—fer twenty-five years I 've been worshippin' the groun' under yo' feet, not darin' ter raise my eyes ter yo' sweet face. You seemed so high erbove me. Now you are rid of this cursed fortune, an' human 'nough to feel like swearin', I am not afraid to ask you—will you be my wife?'

"Den Ole Miss sorter laugh an' say, 'Peter, boy, you go fin' "Tony."'" Dat sot me er trampin' off, lickety-split; an' sho's I'm er nigger, dem two took' 'n got ma'i'd de Chris'mus arterward, spite all de meanness Young Miss could do. An' 'Tony,' he 'low he ain't nebber yit got de chance ter yearn no ten dolla's. Mus' a-been de las' tantrum eber Ole Miss had.'

## TO HEAR HER SING.

BY NANNIE LANGHORNE HUTTER.

TO see her perfect head thrown back,  
While from her lips (the daintiest ever kissed)  
There ripples forth a melody so free,  
So joyous and so glad, the happy birds  
Are moved to wonder on the maple tree  
Just at the window, where she sits and sings,  
Herself the sweetest among all sweet things!

The little Psyche knot of golden hair—  
I wonder oft if angels wear theirs so—  
The soulful eyes uplifted—I am sure  
Not angel, woman, Saint Cecilia's self  
Could look more fair, or more divinely pure!  
The bunch of lilies on her girlish breast  
Show scarcely white against her bosom's snow—  
But with an odorous sigh they closer cling,  
Glad to be near her, glad to hear her sing!

## SHAPES AND SHADOWS.

BY MADISON CAWEIN.

### I.

#### THE MESSAGE.

A DAY of drought foreboding rain and wind,  
As if stern heaven, feeling earth had sinned,  
Looked on with hatred. When the evening came,  
Down in the west—no sunset fire had thinned—  
Black as the smoke of battle, flame on flame,

The lightning signaled and the heavens spoke  
In thunder, and storm's pent-up torrents broke :  
She saw the wild night when the dark pane flashed ;  
Heard, where she stood, the disemboweled oak  
Roar into fragments when the welkin crashed.

Long had she waited for a word. And, lo !  
Anticipation still would not say no :  
He has not written ; he will come to her ;  
At dawn !—to-night !—Her heart hath told her so,  
And so expectancy and love aver.

Hope bids her hear *his* fingers on the pane—  
The glass is blurred, she cannot see for rain ;  
Bids hear *his* horse—the wind is never still ;  
Bids see *his* cloak, ah ! surely that is plain—  
A torn vine tossing on the window-sill.

Her soul goes forth to meet him : Pale and wet,  
She sees his face ; the war-soiled epaulet ;  
The sabre-scar there on the soldier's cheek ;  
And now he smiles, and now their lips have met,  
And now—Dear heart ! he fell at Cedar Creek.

### II.

#### PHANTOMS.

This was her home ; one mossy gable thrust  
Above the cedars and the locust trees :  
This was her home, whose beauty now is dust,  
A lonely memory for melodies  
The wild birds sing, the wild birds and the bees.

Here every evening is a prayer ; no boast  
Or ruin of sunset makes the wan world wroth ;  
Where through the twilight, like a pale flower's ghost,  
A drowsy flutter, flies the tiger-moth ;  
And dusk spreads darkness like a dewy cloth.

In vagabond velvet, all the placid day,  
 A stain of crimson, lolled the butterfly;  
 The south wind sowed with ripple and with ray  
 The pleasant waters; and the gentle sky  
 Looked on his gladness like a quiet eye.

Its melancholy quaver, lone and low,  
 The gray tree-toad at gloaming will repeat;  
 The whip-poor-will, far in the afterglow,  
 Complain to silence; and the lightning beat  
 In one still cloud, glimmers of golden heat.

He comes not yet. Not till the dusk be dead,  
 And all the western glow be far withdrawn;  
 Not till—a sleepy mouth love's kiss makes red—  
 The baby bud opes in a rosy yawn,  
 Breathing sweet guesses at the dreamed-of dawn.

When in the shadows, like a rain of gold  
 The fire-flies stream steadily; and bright  
 Along the moss the glow-worm, as of old,  
 A crawling sparkle—like a crooked light  
 In smoldering vellum—scrawls a square of night;

Then, ghost of his dead love! dost lean to him,  
 Within a space that hath not any place,  
 Between the starlight and his eyes: so dim  
 With suave control and soul-compelling grace,  
 He cannot help but see thee, face to face.

## III.

## ASSUMPTION.

A mile of moonlight and the whispering wood;  
 A mile of shadow and the odorous lane;  
 One large white star above the quietude,  
 Like one sweet wish; and, laughter after pain,  
 Wild roses wistful in a web of rain.

No star, no rose, when love assumes the lead!  
 No woodman's compass of the skies and rocks,  
 Tattooed with stars and lichens, shall he need  
 To guide him where, among the hollyhocks,  
 A blur of moonlight, gleam his sweetheart's locks.

We name it beauty—that permitted part,  
 The Love-elected apotheosis  
 Of Nature, which the god within the heart,  
 Just touching, makes immortal, but by this—  
 A star, a rose—the memory of a kiss.

## THE PRIMROSE PATH OF DALLIANCE.

BY LEONARD LEMON.

ONE who has troubled himself to trace comparisons between the signs displayed in cities and the men who do business under them, must have been struck by the frequent incongruities between the advertiser and the advertisement. Physicians, whose lives are crowded with cares and responsibilities, have modest, faded signs, while young M. Ds., fresh from commencement, flaunt gorgeous "designs" in the street, and paint their names with elaborate decorations on their windows. Many a barren fraud publishes its firm name to the passers-by in the most fashionable and tasteful manner of the day, while old and wealthy firms are concerned only that their names and numbers shall be legible.

The sign of "Frank Blackwell, Attorney at Law," that was nailed over the door of a certain suite of rooms in the second story of No. 735 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo., had seen better, and, doubtless, more fashionable days. No one would have supposed that the smart young man, who walked under it one morning about nine o'clock, was the attorney whose business was so dingly and anciently advertised. And, as a matter of fact, the sign had been placed in its position about ten brief summers before the young man was born, by his father, Frank Blackwell, Sr.

Now Frank Blackwell, Jr., was pretending to do business at the same old stand, though for various reasons he did not pretend to do it in the same old way. One of these reasons was, that there was not much pretence of any kind in the young man, and another was, that no one would have been deceived an instant into believing that the sharp, wide-awake young man did business in anything like the same steady, tireless way his grim old father did. Although he had been out of college for three or four years, and had spent much time and money in

the indulgence of those fancies that get youth its praise or blame, according to the point of view of the critic, yet his interest was not exhausted and there was not a suggestion of the current, languishing cynicism in his manner, and he still cherished many of the generous illusions that lead young men into folly, and, happily, lead them out again into a kindly old age. The illusion that now robbed his days of peace and his pillow of sleep, was the belief that he was more madly in love than any man had ever been, and, it must be confessed, with one who was indifferent to his advances.

The object of his adoration was a certain Miss Oliver, whom Frank had met but a month or so before, but who had been a vision of loveliness before his mind's eye—and as often as he could manage it, before his corporeal eye—ever since. He came this morning from a somewhat restless night, many of the dark hours of which he had spent in analyzing the roughness in his course of love. He was discouraged and disappointed, but he was not despondent. In his own way he was a determined man, and he did not doubt that he would ultimately be successful.

But just at this time he was obliged to acknowledge that there was not a ray of light to guide him to his bright, particular star.

When he got inside his door, he said "Hello, Ed," to a young man, who, with a paper and a cigar, was lounging at one of the windows in an easy way that suggested great familiarity with the premises.

Ed lifted his eyes from his paper and said:

"There's a letter from Harry on the desk."

"Is that so? What does he say?" Frank supposed the letter contained some message that Ed had come to deliver.

"Don't know," said Ed. "I thought maybe you'd let me hear. Letter's to you."

Frank took the letter up, tore the envelope off, and this is what he read:

SWEET SPRINGS, Mo., July 9, 1883.

DEAR FRANK:

Can't you come up here and help me out in this beastly political business? I can't make anything out of it. I am sure more than my small stock of diplomacy is required to effect the purpose. In fact you know I have no diplomacy at all, and if you do not come I am afraid the whole scheme will go to smash.

I suppose I may as well tell you in passing that I have found the only woman on earth I can ever love. I know the wiseacres say every man finds from three to twenty just such women in the course of a life-time; but I despise the wiseacres who sneer at youth's vows of devotion. Observation in common instances may have taught them this cynical philosophy, but mine is no common passion. The lady is a woman who possesses a singularly pure and gifted soul. She is one who would inspire a permanent love in much commoner clay than I take myself to be. I am madly, passionately fond of her, and this infernal mission of mine bores me to death. In heaven's name, come up and help me out. You will never have another chance to show your friendship where it will be so much appreciated.

Yours in distress and in hope,

HARRY VALMAIN.

When Frank had finished reading this letter—which was not wholly devoted to business—he turned to Ed, who was still lazily reading, and said: "Ed, you could look after my business for a few days, could you not? Harry is in love again, according to this report, and threatens to let the business that we sent him to arrange go to the devil. I think I'd better go up and catch the drift of things, if you don't mind looking after my affairs."

Ed demurred. He said something about the early grave that was yawning for him on account of the wear and tear of his own business. He could hardly be expected to undertake the extensive practice of his friend in addition.

Frank did not seem to be much concerned about this early demise prophesied by the one most concerned, neither did he waste time in argument. He had probably heard of this early grave

before and knew its value as a stock joke. After lighting a cigar, he sat down at his desk and wrote the following note:

ST. LOUIS, Mo., July 10, 1883.

DEAR HARRY:

What a lucky dog you are. This is, I think, about the sixth "divine creature" you have found within the last few years. But I should be the last man to chaff you. If you had not taken the wind out of my sails, I should have told you of a passion that fires my own heart; but we'll let that pass as I am not so unreasonable as to suppose it would interest you in your present condition. Ed has promised to look after things for a few days, so I am in a position to respond to your pathetic appeal. Yours,

BLACKWELL.

Before writing this note, Frank had come to the decision that it would be a politic thing for him to leave town for a short time. He was growing more importunate in his suit as the time went by, and, as a consequence, Miss Oliver was growing more and more reserved. It seemed so decidedly the proper thing to do to let matters rest for a while, now that his possible absence had been forced upon his attention, that he wondered it had not occurred to him to adopt such a plan voluntarily.

"I say, Frank, are you going to desert the fair Miss Oliver?" asked Ed, from his window.

"No; nothing is farther from my intention. But I thought a short absence would not jeopardize my suit."

"Maybe you haven't been emphatic enough in pressing your good points. I am afraid your modesty stands in your way."

"Thank you," said Frank, dryly.

"You are welcome," said Ed. "You have always shown yourself appreciative of a sincere compliment. It's one of your ingenuous charms. I will go around and see her for you, and I will sound your praises unblushingly. I will tell her that you have shown your devotion to her sex in at least a dozen notable instances. I will convince her that your heart-strings must be about as strong and true as any in the world, since they have endured so many hard strains and are still so ready to respond to the softest feminine touch."



"Oh, you will make an ass of yourself if you get half a chance, I have no doubt," said Frank.

When Frank reached Sweet Springs the next morning at two o'clock, he went at once to Harry's room in the hotel. He was surprised to find its occupant walking the floor and smoking nervously.

"Is anything the matter?" asked Frank.

"Oh, nothing more than I wrote you. The situation is not any more promising now than it was then, and I get more and more in love each day. Surely no other man ever had the hard luck that is mine."

A sudden notion took possession of Frank. If it was a good thing for Mr. Frank Blackwell to absent himself from his diffident mistress, why should it not be a good thing for Mr. Harry Valmain to do likewise? Frank had no doubt that Harry was overdoing the thing. If he could, he would get Harry to go home.

"Does Miss Courtland know you sent for me?" he asked.

"No. She knows you are expected, but supposes your visit to be voluntary."

"Well, you must report that I brought news to you that made your immediate return to St. Louis imperative; and then you must take the first train home."

Harry stopped in his walk and stared at his friend in astonishment.

"Well, that proposition has the merit of novelty at any rate," he said. "But you can't be serious. The point in having you here was that I would then have more time to devote to the lady. In the light of this view I must kindly but firmly refuse to accede to your highly original suggestion."

"As far as I can see, it is not time you need so much as it is a touching up here and there in your character. You've had about all the time there was going for three or four weeks now, and if you'd been of the right sort of stuff you'd have had her bound tight and fast before this. What you need is a vacation, allowing you leisure to think over your good points and to arrange them so as to come back with

a better ensemble, so to speak. Seriously, you don't suppose you would see me here if my suit in a certain blessed direction were at all prosperous. When your letter came I had come to the same dead halt that you seem to have reached. After a little reflection I came to the conclusion that the best thing I could do was to make myself scarce for awhile. And if you will sit down here, I'll try to convince you that it is not want of time that is the matter with you."

The argument he used was convincing, for Harry took the train for St. Louis the next morning.

Two weeks after the friends had changed places, Harry, in St. Louis was in receipt of the following note from Frank, in Sweet Springs:

SWEET SPRINGS, MO., July 25, '83.

DEAR HARRY:

I have not replied directly to your notes because so far I have had nothing to tell you. I have no news now that would be of interest to any one but a lover. I called upon Miss Courtland last night and I can commend your taste. Beyond question, she is a beautiful woman, and if she has that pure and gifted soul you told me about, she is a great prize.

Yours,

BLACKWELL.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Aug. 4, '83.

DEAR FRANK:

I am glad you appreciate Miss Courtland well enough to understand my feeling for her; but I am sorry you can write me nothing about her but stale repetitions of my own praise.

Ed and I have been around often to see Miss Oliver. In fact, I think we have presumed a little on Ed's standing as an old friend and on your lady's graciousness. And, by the way, she is graciousness itself. I never saw a woman with more charming manners—always, of course, with a certain exception. Ed says her folks are all sceptics, and we made it a point to enlarge on your own scepticism. I have often noticed that scepticism binds unbelievers more closely together than religion does its votaries; it has the interest of an ostracised but noble brotherhood, I suppose. We'll do all we can for you.

Sincerely,

HARRY VALMAIN.

SWEET SPRINGS, MO., Aug. 5, '83.

You egregious idiot, Miss Oliver is orthodox itself. If you don't correct this blunder in some way I'll murder you both.

BLACKWELL.

St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 20, '83.

DEAR FRANK :

I saw Miss Oliver last evening. Ed said he was not going to do anything to "correct the blunder." Said he was not going to meddle again. I suggested that this virtuous resolution would have had a bright and shining luster if he had cherished its promptings before he had said anything that he could not reasonably claim for it now, after he had said so much of the wrong thing. But of course you know how impervious he is to moral precepts. I did not press the point but concluded I would call on Miss Oliver, alone, in the afternoon, and see if I could do anything to set matters right. But, bless your heart, what did I see, when I was shown in, but that beggar, Ed, sitting up there with a Tennyson in his hand expounding some passage to Miss Oliver. Of course, I was surprised, but I entered into the discussion at once and was soon able to guide it into a channel that would serve my purpose. I quoted the passage, "There lives more faith in honest doubt, believe me, than in half the creeds," and laid stress on the modern view that scepticism as often comes from an excess of religious feeling as from want of it. I said, in illustration, "Now there is my friend, Blackwell; never was there a man with more of the religious sentiment, more reverence, more of the love of truth for truth's sake; it is his very anxiety to get at exact, unimpeachable truth that makes him postpone the acceptance of certain dogmas"—and so on, and so on. I flatter myself I did that up pretty well.

When I look at the soft, dark eyes of Miss Oliver, and think how beautiful they would be to a lover who sees all their slumberous depths light up with love of him, I wonder you had the courage to come away to me. She reminds one of the oriental women with her luxuriant black hair and brilliant color. She has their emotional nature too, so gentle and sympathetic in repose and so full of fire and passion when roused. She will make a wife whose infinite variety will never stale.

Sincerely,

VALMAIN.

Since the world began, it has been injudicious, to say the least of it, to deputize your friend to make love to your sweetheart for you. If he admires the lady, it will be more than flesh and blood can forego not to put in a few words on his own account; and if he is indifferent to her he will be lukewarm in your service. We all know what a mess Paola, with the best intentions, made of it. And if the friend is faithful himself, there is still the pit-fall of: "Speak for yourself, John." Your friend will defend your honor with the last drop of his blood; he will raise

your children with the greatest paternal solicitude; but in saying soft things to a beautiful woman for you, there is danger of his entering too deeply into your own feelings. I am obliged to record that all these people are extremely human—taking it for granted that the distinctively human trait is the tendency to err—and that Harry is particularly earthy where beautiful women are concerned. You may be disappointed, but you will not be surprised, to learn that he was fast becoming entirely too fond of the "slumberous depths" of Miss Oliver's eyes. His love of oriental women was fast developing into an exclusive preference. If it seems incredible that he could in so short a time so far forget "the only woman on earth he could ever love," you must remember that all of us have seen miraculous affairs of this kind, and, if we have lived long enough, have experienced them. In the realm of the affections the logically wonderful is the commonplace occurrence.

At any rate, one morning about the middle of September, he walked across the hall from his own office to Ed Larker's with the air of a man who, after hesitation, has come to a decision from which he cannot be shaken.

Ed, in his usual lounging attitude, was blowing rings of smoke at the ceiling.

Harry said abruptly, without any preface, "Ed, I am going to Denver in the morning to start in practice out there."

Ed blew a few more delicate rings at the ceiling without appearing to be much startled. Finally he said:

"Would it be indelicate to inquire what the devil is the matter with you, now?"

"Oh, I guess I might as well tell you. I am becoming very much interested in Miss Oliver."

"Well, I don't see the harm in that; you were commissioned to interest yourself in her, were you not?"

"Yes, but I was not commissioned to care more for a glance of her eye than for anything on earth, was I? I was not expected to feel a fever of

discontent away from her, and a fever of love with her, was I? Was it expected that I would spend the midnight hours alternately cursing myself for my treachery and Blackwell for his claim upon me?"

At the conclusion of this impetuous outburst, Ed removed his cigar from his mouth and looked at his friend in astonishment. Then he slowly placed his heels on the nearest table and burst into such an explosion of laughter as you would not think natural to such a languid man.

"May I ask what you are laughing at in that insane way?" asked Harry.

"Oh, it's very tragic I admit," said Ed. "So tragic that, as you say, I have lost my wits and can only laugh." And he sank further down in his chair and chuckled in intense enjoyment.

"You are a brute, Larker. I might have known you would have no appreciation of the situation," said Harry, indignantly.

"The only other woman on earth you can ever love, I suppose. In Heaven's name take your solemn face out of here or you will kill me," which Harry did immediately, in high dudgeon.

When Ed had recovered himself, he pulled from his pocket and reread the following letter:

SWEET SPRINGS, MO., Sept. 14, '83.

DEAR ED:

I am guilty of the most infamous treachery possible to a poor craven man. Elaboration would be useless as a means of emphasis; the deed itself is so glaring as to make language colorless. I am in love with Miss Courtland. What will Harry, to whose spotless honor this treacherous admission will seem black as night itself, think of me? What shall I do? Yours,

BLACKWELL.

Now, can anybody wonder that Ed laughed, and that the situation seemed to him more comic than tragic? The first decision he made was that he must keep Harry in town; it was too good to be spoiled. In this plan he did not encounter much opposition. A modern writer in *Ethics* has shown, with a wealth of argument that seems superfluous, that there are none of the emotions so easily conquered as remorse.

The faculty with which repentant sinners forgive themselves when assured of Heaven's pardon, is a matter of constant derision by unbelievers. It is only when the sin carries consequences that are a constant prick to the feelings that the sin itself is kept in mind. The monks of olden times were obliged to resort to hard beds, hair shirts, and lashes, that they might keep their transgressions green in their memories.

It is the murderer who has the misfortune to plunge his dagger into the bosom of a victim whose body is inhabited by a spook, which insists on revisiting the glimpses of the moon when the murderer himself is out for a stroll, whose bosom is torn with pangs of remorse. It was the dagger and the restless Banquo, and that too bracing wife of his, that spoiled the rest of Macbeth. When the "slumberous depths" of Miss Oliver's eyes were not filled with quite as much light as Harry thought the occasion demanded, he was visited by a disagreeable emotion which he told himself was remorse; but to which a psychologist, I fear, would have given a name less complimentary to the sinner. At any rate, the emotion, whatever it was, did not keep him from staying in town, nor from seeing Miss Oliver whenever she would permit him to present himself. There were times, perhaps, when Harry's conscience did really assert itself, but the occasions were very irregular and very short-lived. And as Blackwell's subsequent letters were so wholly occupied with business, Ed had little doubt that the two friends were traveling much the same road. It was not hard to determine the specious reasoning with which these young men sought to excuse themselves, when some discouraging circumstance set them to questioning their actions. Each reflected that the other had had his innings, and, by his own report, had failed to rouse the respondent passion. The poets tell us that love is a rebellious subject, and acknowledges neither whip nor rein; we may deplore his freaks, but we cannot control them. On much slighter ground than this, any casuist worthy of the name could give you a moral

charter for much graver offenses than we find these young men about to commit. With or without a charter, Harry made up his mind that he would tell his love at the first opportunity and put Miss Oliver to the test. The opportunity was speedily given him. One afternoon as he was driving by Miss Oliver's house, he saw her standing by her carriage at the curbing, directing the placing of a hamper that seemed unwieldy and reluctant to take the desired position. He reined up his horses that he might speak to her, and found that she was starting to the country to visit an old servant who was in bed with the rheumatism and had sent in a request for a physician. The physician had been sent some time before, but as Miss Oliver was very much attached to "Aunt Hetty," she had decided to go out herself and see that everything was provided that could alleviate the faithful dependent's suffering. Harry told her he would take pleasure in driving her out if she would get into his buggy. Miss Oliver protested that she did not want to take him from his business, especially, not on an errand that she could do much better without him. Harry urged that as for his business it could take care of itself, as it had had considerable experience in that way, and as for his being a hindrance in the performance of her errand, he insisted that he would have been a noted philanthropist before this if he had not been discouraged from his youth up by his mother and sister, who were continually telling him that men always made charity an obligation, and he begged now that he might be permitted to exercise the generous feelings of his breast and refute these calumnies. While he did not want to prejudice his plea by saying anything derogatory to female compassion, he had, he must confess, often wondered why that of beautiful young ladies so often confined itself to rheumatic old servants, when there were other places where it would be more appreciated. Miss Oliver did not wish to make a point of the matter, and so got in with him.

She found Aunt Hetty in the con-

dition of one whose flesh is weak but whose spirit is strong. After the old woman had caught one glimpse through the window of the young man sitting in the buggy, pulling his mustache, she was quite sure she did not need any attention from Isabel. "Lord, young missus," she said, "you can't take any of the ache out of my old bones. When turpentine and red flannel, as is an unfaillin' cure in most cases, do n't do no good, you can't expect the touch of your white hands to go to the marrow of it. I know little pats and tender words goes a long ways with headache an' such ailments as you have, honey, but it's been a long time since anybody heard of pettin' curin' the gallopin' rheumatism." The logic of this reasoning was so conclusive and convincing, that, after taking note of what was needed, Isabel joined Harry and they proceeded by a forest road to the river in search of "scenery." It has been a matter of regret to all travelers that the approaches to the picturesque partake of the nature of the spectacle, so that one cannot "do" mountains on valley roads. It became particularly a matter of regret to this young couple, for, though the views were excellent, the road was execrable, and in one of the ravines their buggy broke down. All efforts to reset the broken wheel were fruitless; so, leading the horses, they repaired, in hope of getting assistance, to a little hut whose roof could be dimly seen through the trees. There they were told that the only conveyance belonging to the place—a two-horse wagon—was in town; but, the man added after a moment's reflection, that he had a skiff in which they might row down to the city if they liked, and he would send the horses and the broken buggy in the next day. It is needless to say that a four-mile ride on the river on such a beautiful afternoon commended itself emphatically, and was adopted. With a bunch of hay, the buggy robe, and cushion, Harry made Miss Oliver a snug nest in the end of the skiff, and while she trailed her hand in the water and watched the changing scenes of the banks, Harry read to her from a copy of Browning, that by some chance he

had put in his pocket to take to the office that morning. The stream which local pride had exaggerated into a river was simply a clear, beautiful creek, across whose narrow channel mighty trees locked loving arms together, and on whose changing surface soft fantastic shadows danced perpetually.

It is not to be supposed that the fever that was raging in Harry's breast was assuaged by the position in which he found himself. He fancied that the scene was a fit setting for Isabel; that a woman who was so simple and natural in her graces and feelings should always be wooed in the solitude of nature away from the conventions of man. Reflections on the difficulties in the way of carrying out such an idyllic plan in the midst of American institutions made the present situation seem like a direct encouragement from the gods.

"What passionate men are Browning's lovers," said Harry, after reading "In a Gondola."

"Yes, it's such a pity they are all confined to Italy," said Isabel.

"Oh, they are not; there are some passionate lovers everywhere. In the North man's inspiration is less; there are fewer women who care for such devotion."

"Oh, how disappointing it is to have it all thrown on the women. I hoped it sprung spontaneously from the ardor of the man's nature, and was not dependent on woman's machinations. It will be of no use for me to go to Italy, after all."

"No, not if love and devotion are what you want," said Harry, moving closer and looking down into her soft, dark eyes.

"How absurd, Mr. Valmain, to say such things to me in this solitude where there is no chance for any one to hear them but me. A flirtation has no flavor out of a crowd."

"How cruel it is of you to chaff me," said Harry. "You know how much I am in earnest. You know I have done nothing but love you night and day, for weeks. Every fibre in me is vibrating with your influence."

"For weeks, you say?"

"Oh, ever since I've known you. Does the time seem short? Time has nothing to do with it; it is nature, temperament, spirit. The soul knows its own in an instant, as well as from a century's familiarity. The love which needs years to form is not worthy of the name; it is respect, esteem, anything—not love."

"Yes, but it would at least be permanent. Sudden flames must be intermittent in their flashes. Doubtless you have felt this way many times before."

A flitting thought of the six "divine creatures" that Frank had twitted him about, and a few others, of whom Frank knew nothing, came to his mind; but what were any of these fancies compared with his present passion.

"That was very cruel of you. Whatever my follies in the past may have been, I love you wholly, with all my heart."

"Yes, now you do. But see how that admission of past follies compromises the case. If I should yield to you I should want to be everything to you; I should want to be the only woman on earth you could ever love."

It struck Harry as rather a curious coincidence that this familiar expression should come up again at such a time, but he was too much absorbed to attach any importance to it.

"How can you doubt that?" he said. "If you knew how completely your nature appeals to mine you would not doubt it, I am sure," and he raised the white hand from the water and carried it, sparkling with the brilliant crystal drops, to his lips.

There was much more of a like nature that a sudden remembrance of the proprieties prevents me from revealing to you. Harry was, at times, troubled with the suspicion that his idol was laughing at him, but then he fancied he saw encouragement, too, sometimes, so he attributed his suspicions to an uneasy conscience. If it is true that he who hesitates is lost, then Harry was to be congratulated, for, when the boat grated against the bank where they landed, Isabel told him he must give her time to think it over.



When she reached home the following letter was handed to her :

SWEET SPRINGS, Mo., Sept. 18, 1883.

DEAR ROSALIND :

How funny it all is. It seems strange that a suspicion of our relations has never entered their heads. It is all due to the nick-names. If Mr. Blackwell only knew that the old schoolmate and familiar friend, the Rosalind I told him so much about when I first met him, was the Isabel Oliver for whom he was sighing like a furnace two months ago, I think he would not have laid his heart at my feet in quite the poetic way he has. But I must tell you about it.

You remember the summer-house down by the spring. It is much prettier now than it was three years ago, when we spent so much of our time in it. I love to go there and read while butterflies and birds fly in and out, and squirrels chatter from the old oak tree, in which we carved our degrees the day we came home from school for the last time. Then I love to go there because of a certain sentimental remembrance. It was there that Mr. Valmain passionately declared that I was the only woman on earth he could ever love. It was there that the beautiful sentiments about my pure and gifted soul first found utterance. And, alas, it was there that, six weeks later, I read your letter, saying you had reason to believe he was going to say something of the same kind to you. But this same retreat that saw my humiliation has also seen my triumph. For, last night, in the very same spot made sacred by the pressure of Mr. Valmain's knees, Mr. Blackwell, in an abandoned disregard of the dew, fell upon his, and poured forth a tale of love and devotion. If I had n't known, from your report of what he had said to you, about what he was going to say to me, and the exclusion of most of the light by the friendly vines, I know he would have detected my amusement in my face. When I expressed some scepticism in regard to the permanence of man's passion, he protested the eternal nature of his with a force and fervor that almost disarmed me. This frequent love-making has its charms, after all, for they really do it quite artistically. I confess I felt a certain warmth at times, but when I reflected that they had learned to say it so well from saying it so often, a chill was sure to follow. And the way he repudiated you, Rosalind, along with the others, is worthy of repetition, if I could only give it with his gestures and looks of scorn. He said all his previous passions were to this as "water unto wine." Think with what exultation this declaration filled me. I told him I would answer him here on the twenty-fourth. Arrange to answer Harry on the same day, and we'll have a pair of them.

With lots of love,

CELIA.

(Telegram, morning of the 25th, from St. Louis :)

MR. FRANK BLACKWELL,

SWEET SPRINGS, Mo.:

Have suddenly decided to go to Denver and start in practice out there. Good-by.

VALMAIN.

(Answer from Sweet Springs a few hours later :)

MR. HARRY VALMAIN,

ST. LOUIS, Mo.:

Good plan. Will join you in Kansas City and go too. BLACKWELL.

It is reasonable to suppose that the answer of the young ladies had not been in the affirmative.

The two friends reached Kansas City within a few hours of each other, and soon met at the hotel it was their custom to patronize on their occasional trips to that city. They had hardly shaken hands when the clerk handed Harry a letter that must have come on the train with him. It was from Ed, and ran as follows :

DEAR FELLOWS :

Heed the supplications of an old friend and do not make any greater fools of yourselves than past follies, which, they say, always carry consequences, force you to do. There is no sense in your going away from St. Louis, where you have the prestige of your family name, to that outlandish place, where you will have no prestige at all—not even of intellect, if one may judge by your latest display of stupidity. The girls just wanted to have a little fun out of you, and with the characteristic sympathy of an old friend, I must say I think your punishment light for your offense. But then, I forgot that you do not know that there is any fun in it. Miss Oliver and Miss Courtland were at school together, and have been the most intimate friends for years. You may have heard them speak of each other as "Rosalind" and "Celia"—

"The devil!" ejaculated Harry, who was reading.

"I have," came in tone of appreciation from Frank.

—and, as they kept each other posted of your original intentions, when you changed over and commenced making love, each to the other lady—

"Have you been making love to Miss Courtland?" asked the astonished Harry.

"And you to Miss Oliver? This is execrable."

—that, as you can see, was a little more than flesh and blood could endure, and they resolved to punish you. And then, I have a confession to make. A certain amount of the inspiration for the tragic business came from me. I am an own cousin of Miss Courtland (you fellows would have remembered this fact if you ever paid any attention to the wisdom that falls from my lips), and was in her confidence all the time, and, naturally, I made a few suggestions. Then, for something like a year, I have been engaged to be married to Miss Oliver—

"Oh, the infernal beggar," from Harry.

"We'll send him a can of dynamite for a wedding present," from Frank.

—and you can easily see that this connection was no small incentive to the part I have played in the matter. Both of the ladies like you both, and would be sorry to have you injure your prospects because of this little affair, which, you both must admit, has very few of the elements of tragedy in it. They both feel a good fellowship for you, but for reasons which are now obvious to you, neither of them could say that either of you was quite the only man on earth she could ever love. Come back. Yours,

LARKER.

"With all due appreciation of Ed's eloquence as a pleader, I don't think the inducements held out to return are quite strong enough," said Frank.

"Heavens! No," said Harry. "Let's go to San Francisco."

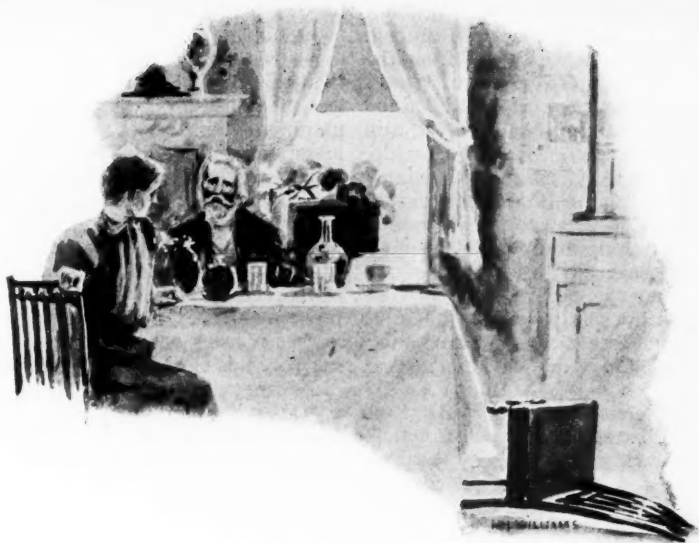
## ACROSS THE YEARS.

BY HELEN HAYS.

I WATCH with straining eyes the west's red glow  
That dies within the arms of fragrant night.  
I stand and wait, till one by one the stars  
Shed o'er the earth their calm, benignant light,  
And with my longing arms outstretched, in vain  
I plead that thou wilt come to me again.

Most eagerly I've waited all the fretful day  
For darkness and the evening's cool content,  
For in my heart I know that thou wilt come,  
When all the sun-bright glitter of day is spent;  
And though thou comest not these weary years,  
Yet still I stand to welcome thee through blinding tears.

Each night my heart is glad with trembling hope,  
When 'neath the whispering trees my tryst I keep;  
Till flushed by morn, the tired stars grow dim  
And close their golden eyes in restful sleep.  
Bathed is the world in peace and sweet delight,  
And so my breaking heart and I creep out of sight.



"Beg her to let me have a dollar."

## THE COLONEL'S SYSTEM.

BY FELIX GRAY.

### I.

"AH! 56-2-65!" exclaimed the Colonel gleefully, swinging about in his rickety chair so as to face the table where his wife and daughter were taking their meager breakfast of coffee and bread. "Eureka! I've got it at last. I'll strike it rich to-day."

"And your coffee's cold and your egg overdone," said his wife, in the dry, uninterested tone of one whose faith has been overtaxed.

"There was a slight error yesterday," the Colonel went on, heedless of this gastronomic calamity. "I missed it by a single figure, you remember. I see now exactly where my mistake originated, and setting that right, I get the combination for to-day. A lovely combination, too—reads the same both ways, you observe. Then the sum of five and six gives the number of the month, and two the day of the month; as pretty a combination as one need

wish, according to the notions of people who go in on luck, though, for myself, I would n't risk a cent on it if I had n't come at it by scientific calculation. As it is," he added, leaning back in his chair with a deliberative air, "as it is, I only wish I had a hundred dollars to stake on it. I bet they'd soon find out whether there's anything in the old man's system."

As he uttered the last words he glanced furtively at his daughter, who was regarding him with a fixed gaze of mingled pain and reprobation. She flushed and paled under the eager entreaty of that quickly withdrawn look, and, rising so abruptly as to overturn her chair with a great clatter on the uncarpeted floor, went hastily from the room. The joyous confidence that shone in the Colonel's face faded slowly into disappointment and dejection, as his eyes followed her retreating figure along the narrow gallery that led past the window before which he sat.

"Do come and eat your breakfast, Colonel," urged his wife. "It's about spoiled now, and such a beautiful fresh yard-egg, too, that Lily got from the baker's wife expressly for you."

"Is she going, do you think?" asked the Colonel anxiously, his eyes still upon the window. "Go after her, do, and beg her to let me have a dollar—just one, tell her. It's sure to win. I feel it in all my bones. I never was so sure of anything in my life. Go—go—for God's sake, go!"

"It's no use, father," returned his wife discouragingly, yet at the same time rising to comply. "She doesn't believe a bit in it, and she's set against it like a rock."

Nevertheless, she, too, passed out and along the narrow gallery, the Colonel's eyes following her hungrily, as they had followed his daughter. She was a tall, slender woman, whose fragile beauty had long since faded into insignificance, and whose lagging step and plaintive monotone were eloquent of blighted hopes and crushed ambitions.

She found her daughter in the act of putting on her hat before one of those watery-faced little mirrors that seem designed expressly to discourage vanity among the poor. Nor was the mirror

the only corrective to over-valuation of her personal charms Fate had seen fit to administer to Lily Maxwell. Her dress was but a degree less shabby than that of her mother, and the hopeless shabbiness of the little hat she was pinning to her glossy brown braids was merely accentuated by the cheap scarlet wing with which it had been sought to rehabilitate it. But it was not within the power of shabbiness to destroy the light poise of that pretty head, to rob the rounded cheek of its dainty bloom, or to quench the soft fire of the clear, topaz-hued eyes. She looked around as her mother entered her room, and her rosy lips closed with an expression of firm negation.

"It's very hard, daughter—" began her mother tremulously.

"Mother, please don't importune me!" interrupted Lily, impetuously. "It would be much harder to have no roof to shelter him, no food to give him, and that's what it would soon come to if I yielded. Oh!" she added passionately, "how I wish I could pitch that wretched 'system' into the fire!"

"It would n't do any good," returned her mother despondently. "He knows it by heart."

"He changes it every day," doubted Lily.

"Only to add a new combination, or correct some mistake."

"Oh, *some* mistake!" said Lily with an ironical laugh. "As if it was n't all mistake and misery! Well, good-by, dear," she added, dismissing the subject with a light sigh and a backward toss of the head, and calling up a brave smile, "don't fret; he'll soon be just as happy working out a new combination as if he had a lot of money to lose on this one."

She stooped a little to touch her mother's withered cheek with her fresh lips, and went briskly away along the narrow gallery, smiling and kissing her hand to her father as she passed the window where he still sat watching for her.

At a lower window, opening from a front room upon the stone-paved corridor, somebody else was watching.



"DESIGNED TO DISCOURAGE VANITY AMONG THE POOR."

This was a young man, a sufficiently good-looking young fellow, with full, smiling gray eyes and a slender dark mustache. His tweed suit was stylishly cut, and fitted his slight, lithe form with just the right degree of precision, and his derby hat showed the latest variation in curve of brim and height of crown. In his hand he held a brilliant crimson rose, beautifully set on its long thorny stem, amid a cluster of dark green leaves. At the sound of light, quick steps descending a wooden stair somewhere in the rear of the building, he threw himself agilely over the low barrier of the window, and sauntered carelessly up the corridor, reaching the corner of the house just in time to meet the young girl who emerged from the open archway of the long wing.

"Good morning, Miss Lily," he said, lifting his hat with a gallant motion, and at the same time presenting his rose.

"Ah, how lovely! Thank you so much, Mr. Delavan," exclaimed the young lady, with a flush and sparkle that showed the *rencontre* to be neither wholly unexpected nor seriously displeasing.

"Are you in a great hurry this morning, Miss Lily?" he asked, moving along beside her with his easy sauntering step toward the great green doors at the other end of the corridor.

"I'm always in a hurry, you know," she answered lightly, lifting the rose to her face that was like its more delicate sister.

"I suppose a fellow could n't walk a little way with you?"

"I suppose not," with an arch smile above the rose that softened the curttness of the verdict.

"You're awfully severe."

"A girl has to be severe."

"I should think a girl might relax a little now and then."

"We have discussed that point in all its bearings, have n't we?" she asked, still smiling at him above the rose. "I dare say it is even now being related that you have given me a rose," she added, with a little motion of the head toward the house.

"Oh, no," he said gaily. "I headed

them off this time, unless they can see through a brick wall. I came out through my window, and I took good care not to go beyond the corner of the house."

The words had hardly left his lips when one of the green doors swung slowly inward, and a huge square basket, borne aloft by a figure of such amazing breadth that it nearly filled the opening, advanced majestically into the corridor.

"Vain precaution!" exclaimed Lily laughing, as this extraordinary apparition shuffled beyond hearing distance, a cunning, black eye darting a malign glance from the basket's shadow at the young couple in passing. "That, sir, is *la blanchisseuse de Madame Aucoin*, and you may be sure she understands how to divert attention from a torn collar, or a missing handkerchief, with a spicy bit of gossip."

"Oh, Madame Aucoin be hanged!" said young Delavan impatiently.

"That's all very well," returned Lily, laughing still more heartily, "but if you had a bit of policy you would go immediately and order a fine bouquet for Mad'moiselle Estelle."

"I'd see them both in—ahem—heaven first," declared the young gentleman rashly. "I'm going up to talk to the Colonel since I may not walk with his daughter."

The girl's face clouded, and her lips closed with the expression they had taken when her mother entered her room.

"There's one subject I wish you would n't talk upon," she said seriously.

"What's that, the 'system'?" he asked lightly. "But I'm really very much interested in the 'system,' Miss Lily."

"You might as well and as safely be interested in a rattlesnake," she replied with increased seriousness.

"But you don't understand it, you see," he returned, still in a tone of easy banter. "Women never do understand figures."

"Do you understand it?" she asked, smiling demurely.

"Well, not altogether," he confessed with a candid laugh, "but I've tested





"THE MORE YOU WIN, THE GREATER  
YOUR LOSS."

it practically, you know. I've won several times."

"And lost several other times," she added, laughing sardonically, then, with a return to seriousness, and a sudden vehemence, "and you will lose still other times, and the more you win, the greater your loss. For that money carries a curse with it that destroys pride, honor, manhood! You will become a loafer, a borrower, a beggar! —perhaps even a thief!"

As she spoke her color deepened, her eyes flashed, and she shot out the last words with catapultic force. The next instant she had vanished, and an astonished young gentleman found himself standing alone in the corridor with something the sensation of having been struck by lightning.

It was a bright autumnal morning. A bland wind ruffled the vine that clung to the wall of the court, and a flood of sunshine poured down between the high encompassing walls into the little square of garden, where a few flowers still bloomed about a broken fountain, and an orange and a pomegranate competed in the class of fall

fruits. The orange had clearly the advantage in point of numbers, though the account might have stood the other way had not a certain young lady chosen to make herself fine with a spray of scarlet blossoms, one May evening, when she had gone with the astonished young gentleman to see him row in the regatta of his boat-club.

It was not of this he was thinking, however, as he stood there doing unconscious violence to his cherished mustache, although it had been frequently enough mentioned in his hearing by the jealous proprietor of the garden, whose wrath had been stirred less by the liberty taken with her tree than by the preference that had passed over her own elegant piano-playing daughter to distinguish a wretched little type-writer, the daughter of a bankrupt lottery-gambler.

It is doubtful whether George Delavan himself could have given a very clear account of what was going on in his mind, as he stood gazing frowningly at the flowers about the broken fountain, and twisting his mustache into two little wisps. To be told by the girl you adore, and to whom you have just given a rose you have walked a mile to obtain, that you are on the high-road to beggary and theft is certainly enough to effect a decided *bouleversement* in one's mental economy; at least our young gentleman found it so. His head fairly swam with the rush of ideas and emotions that tumbled over each other, as it were, without order or sequence. It was not the first time it had been intimated to him that his present course was one not likely to lead to fame or fortune, for it must be explained that our young gentleman, having come into a modest patrimony shortly before his graduation from college, had thus far devoted himself mainly to the task of extracting as much amusement as possible out of life, despite the remonstrances of a faithful elder brother, who never ceased to warn him that he was wasting both time and money, and to entreat him to put himself into some sort of industrial harness. An elder brother is not a sweetheart, however, and volumes

of counsel from such a source, though steeped in the essence of wisdom, are but as air compared with the lightest word from the lips whereon hangs the ungathered fruit for which your soul hungers.

George Delavan was seriously in love with Lily Maxwell. He had fallen in love with her at first sight nearly a year ago. It was for her sake that he had taken Madame Aucoin's front room; for her sake that he had scraped acquaintance with the old Colonel, and found patience to listen to his endless disquisitions upon the merits of the "system" whereby he expected to win fortune from the lottery, and to Mrs. Maxwell's dreary retrospects of past grandeur and the melancholy "reverses" which had wrecked the Colonel's health and reduced them to their present humble state. It seemed to him that his motive for enduring all this ought to be clear to the dullest mind; but to his amused surprise he found himself received upon the footing of the "Colonel's friend," from which dubious position he had been gradually advanced to that of a sort of silent partner in the exploitation of the "system." The arrangement was simple enough. He had only to furnish the stake and play as directed, the gains, when there were any, being honorably divided, one share going to the inventor and two to the capitalist. It had amused him to humor the old man, and to experiment a little with chance, and so far he stood about even, his occasional winnings having promptly reverted to their source. As for the Colonel, George had soon discovered that he was possessed by the true gambler's passion, staking all he happened to have on fantastic and incomprehensible combinations of numbers, and often losing it all. Such losses, however, had no effect in diminishing his confidence in the correctness of the principles upon which he professed to have based his system, nor his faith in the ultimate grand *coup* that was to crown his long travail and reinstate the family fortunes. In fact, with each defeat he grew more feverishly eager, displaying a sort of *acharnement*, as if in combat with a personal foe.

Lily's attitude of reserved disapprobation had not altogether escaped his notice, but as she took no part in the interminable discussions, beyond a half ironical comment or an incredulous laugh, he had no means of guessing how warmly she felt on the subject, any more than of divining her sentiments toward himself. For Lily was a model of discretion. The most strictly chaperoned demoiselle of the French quarter was not more difficult of access. She had hedged herself about with an unwritten code of little formalities that was like a fence of thorns. If she accepted an invitation to go with him upon some excursion, or to some place of amusement, there must be a "party," or, in default of that, the Colonel must accompany them. If, by chance, he met her on the street and turned to walk with her, she dismissed him with a smile at the first crossing. Now and then she might accord him a few moment's tête-à-tête in the garden, where a couple of weather-beaten benches invited the loiterer, or sit with him, of a moonlight evening, on the narrow gallery outside the door of the sitting-room and well within parental observation; but altogether the chances of getting a half dozen words alone with her within the twenty-four hours were attended by about the same degree of uncertainty that ruled his lottery adventures, and were infinitely more exciting.

Yet, in spite of all this, there were times, as for instance this morning when he had given her the rose, when he felt almost sure that she understood his feelings toward her and was not wholly indifferent to it; but such moments were too rare and fleeting to afford a stable basis for hope, or to justify the open avowal that might result in the cutting off of all hope—a disaster not to be contemplated without profound dejection. In view of all this, how was he to interpret the sudden warmth of her warning against the "system?" Evidently she thought him a poor, weak-willed creature, dazzled by the hope of possible fortune that hangs upon the turn of a lottery wheel, one to whom a woman could not safely trust

her future. Was this, then, the secret of her reserves and evasions? Yet she had wished to save him. Why? She had been pleased when he gave her the rose. The color had come in her cheeks, and her eyes had shone. Her voice, too, had an intonation of indescribable sweetness that seemed to melt through his heart like sunshine. How kind her smile was; how merry she had been over the jealous espionage of Madame Aucoin—the nearest approach she had ever made to admitting that his attentions to her might have any peculiar significance. And then, fool that he was, he must spoil everything by his pretended interest in her father's "system!"

He still stood outwardly frowning and glaring, and inwardly berating his stupidity, and debating how best to make Lily understand how much more precious to him was her lightest wish than a wilderness of systems with all the money they could win, when Mrs. Maxwell's tall figure, followed by a lean tortoise-shell cat of solemn aspect, came noiselessly down the corridor. Advancing quite near without sign of recognition, she said in the tone of a conspirator conveying an order from a chief to a subordinate:

"The Colonel will see you whenever you are at leisure."

"Ah, Mrs. Maxwell," said the young man, coming to himself, as it were, with a little start. "Thank you, I will come at once."

## II.

The Colonel's summons had had the effect of a precipitant upon the turbid uncertainty of young Delavan's mind, and in the course of his rapid passage through the corridor and across the court to the stairs in the open archway, he had come to an important determination. He found the Colonel seated as usual at his desk in the poor little room that represented parlor and kitchen, and many intermediate apartments, in the humble ménage of the Maxwell's. A thick pile of manuscript, the agglomerated growth of years of industrious calculation, lay before him, and he was

busily covering a sheet of paper with penciled figures. He lifted his head as George entered, and drawing up a chair said, with the air of hearty good-fellowship that had survived from the old days of clubs and comrades:

"Ah, good morning, good morning, my dear fellow; take a seat. Well, I hope you are in the humor for operating this morning. I think we shall rake the pile to-day. How does 56-2-65 strike you."

The young man had remained standing, his hat in his hand, his face gravely irresponsible.

"I don't know, Colonel," he said, flushing slightly. "I don't feel exactly in vein this morning. I rather think I won't play."

"Ha! not in vein!" exclaimed the Colonel. "What's up? You mustn't lose courage because we've had a few set-backs lately. I've discovered where the trouble lay. I fell asleep thinking about it last night, and this morning when I woke up there it was all as clear as daylight. Curious thing, sir—the brain—how it takes things into its own hands, as it were, sometimes, and goes ahead and works out some problem that's been puzzling you for weeks."

"Yes," returned young Delavan vaguely, seeing that some response was expected, and nothing better occurring to him.

"Yes, it's very curious," continued the Colonel, scribbling absently on the paper before him. "I don't suppose it will ever be understood—belongs to the class of inexplicable phenomena—but a book filled with instances of that sort would be interesting. I've sometimes thought I would write one myself. I could furnish a good many instances from my own experience. Well," he resumed, straightening himself up with the air of returning to business, "as I was saying, I've got that little complication all smoothed out now, and I think we'll sail right along without further mishap. We'll play 56-2-65 to-day, and to-morrow—"

"Excuse me, Colonel," interrupted the young man diffidently, "I'd rather you wouldn't tell me. I—in fact—I

don't think I'll ever play any more. Your daughter—"

"Ha! my daughter!" broke in the Colonel excitedly, "what's my daughter got to do with it?"

"I—I'm very fond of your daughter, sir," said the young fellow, gripping his courage with both hands, "and I see she's very bitter against lottery-playing. So I—well—I'm very fond of her, and naturally I'd like to please her."

The Colonel turned livid, and his heavy brows drew together in an ominous frown, but he kept himself well in hand.

"Very well, sir," he said stiffly, "if you choose to throw away the best opportunity you will ever have for making a fortune, to gratify the whim of a foolish girl, that's your own affair; but as for pleasing my daughter, I have something to say to that, and I fancy the man who pleases her will have to please me, too. Good morning, sir." And with that he turned his back upon his visitor, and took up his abandoned pencil.

The young man, however, was unwilling to accept so summary a dismissal. He liked the Colonel, partly no doubt as the father of Lily, but also largely for himself. Aside from his hobby he was a man of genial nature and extensive knowledge both of books and men. There was even an amiable side to his infatuation, for, beneath the passion of the gambler, George recognized the deep anxiety of the husband and father to provide for the future of those by nature dependent upon him. Far from resenting his curt manner, he was filled with profound pity for the evident disappointment and humiliation of the poor, broken old man. He felt an impulse to offer a small loan; but their monetary transactions having been heretofore conducted on a strictly business basis he feared to give added offense. He therefore contented himself with saying respectfully, but with manly resolve:

"I'm sorry if I have offended you, sir, but there are other and I think better ways of making a fortune, and I shall not despair of pleasing you, as well

as Miss Lily, in time. My brother has long wished me to go into stock-raising with him, and I am going now to tell him that I am ready to accept his proposition. Then, if all goes well, I shall be able to offer you all a home in the country before long. I believe Miss Lily likes the country."

He paused and waited a moment for some response, but the Colonel remained apparently absorbed in his calculation, and with a civil "Good morning," he withdrew, his new project for going into business, and marrying Lily forthwith, lending such speed to his movements that he was near running down the caryatid of the basket who was slowly descending the stairs.

In the meantime, Lily's quick, light steps had borne her past the neighboring tailor's shop and the bakery, and round the corner into Royal street, and some three or four blocks along this thoroughfare toward Canal, where they had come to a pause before a show-window.

There are on Royal street scores of windows which might tempt the most sober-minded maiden to loiter, but it was not one of these that had arrested Lily's progress. It was a small window attached to a dark little shop, and contained nothing more attractive in the way of merchandise than a few pipes and tobacco jars of the commonest sort. But from a cord stretched across the glass, for the accommodation may be of what was doubtless the staple article of traffic, depended a single lottery ticket, on which, in white characters relieved against a black background, stood the numbers, 56-2-65. Lily recognized



"THE CARYATID OF THE BASKET."



"FROM TIME TO TIME, SHE GLANCED AT THE ROSE."

them with a thrill as of destiny. Versed as she was in all the superstitions of the lottery gambler, she could not fail to be impressed by so striking a concatenation of lucky omens.

"It is Fate," something seemed to whisper. "Hundreds of people have passed it by; dozens have stopped to make their daily offering to the god of chance, but this has been reserved for you."

A glance, too, showed her experienced eye that it was a whole ticket, which was probably one reason for its remaining unsold. Suppose it should win the capital prize! Thursday! and the capital prize for the day was fifty-one hundred dollars! The amount swam before her vision in characters magnified by the lens of poverty. And a dollar would purchase for her this rich possibility! Instinctively her fingers sought the clasp of her purse; almost her spirit seemed to run before her body into the dark little shop. Still she hesitated. A dollar is a large sum when fifty of them must supply the necessities of three persons for an entire month. Yet, if she should win! Her foot was on the threshold; her hand extended to grasp the knob, when a

sharp pain in the tip of her finger arrested her. In her absorption she had pressed the thorny stem of the rose more closely between her fingers, and one of its spines had pierced her glove. It seemed to her a reminder from her good genius; a great revulsion of feeling swept over her.

"You are right," she remarked to the rose, "after all that, it would be a kind of perfidy," and turning sharply about she went on her way.

The day seemed long to Lily, and the monotonous click of the typewriter, and the rasping voice of her employer dictating the letters, were more than usually exasperating. From time to time, she glanced at the rose, carefully placed in a glass of water on the table beside her, or stooped to inhale its fragrance as she inserted a fresh sheet beneath the cylinder of the machine, and then a little smile would curve the red lips and light up the amber eyes. It was late in the afternoon before she found herself once more on Royal street, with her face turned homeward. As she passed the little show-window she saw, with a quick side glance, that the ticket was no longer there.

"Some one has taken it," she said



to the rose, still carefully preserved, though already beginning to lose something of its gorgeous brilliancy; "I wonder are they glad or sorry?"

Even before she turned into her own quiet street she was aware of some unusual excitement in the air. Women were talking together from adjoining galleries and at alley-doors; a group of idlers were discussing something with unwonted animation on the steps of the grocery; the old gentleman who lodged above the bakery, and who had the reputation of being remarkably lucky at the lottery, was listening with interested attention to the voluble Gascon of the baker's fat wife; even the sedentary tailor had descended from his perch to exchange a word with the old furniture dealer from across the way. She hardly needed the few chance words caught in passing to inform her that it was the daily lottery-drawing that was being canvassed, and that fortune had favored some one known to the neighborhood. In the courtyard all was quiet. Young Delavan's window was closed, and only the tortoise-shell cat received her, coming half-way down the corridor, with outstretched tail and mincing steps, to meet her, and solemnly escorting her to the foot of the stairs. In the room above, her mother was moving about like a shadow with a face of triple woe, while her father, pale and with closed eyes, lay stretched upon the lounge. Lily's heart stood still with presentiment.

"What is it?" she whispered, approaching her mother on tip-toe. "Did the numbers come out?"

Mrs. Maxwell only nodded in reply, and the Colonel, lifting his head, looked at his daughter with gloomy bloodshot eyes, and then with a deep groan sank back upon his pillow.

"Father," said Lily coaxingly, "don't look like that, you break my heart."

"Hypocrite!" groaned the Colonel without opening his eyes.

"Father!" exclaimed the girl, putting her arms fondly about him, "what have I done that you should call me such a dreadful name?"

"Hypocrite!" reiterated the Colo-

nel, pushing her angrily away. "Out of my sight!"

"What is it?" demanded Lily again, turning to her mother.

"Madame Aucoin's washwoman has won the capital prize," replied her mother, in a tragic monotone.

"She stole it!" cried the Colonel, starting up excitedly. "Infernal thief and spy! She listened at the door! Had more confidence in me than my own child, by G—!"

"The capital prize!" repeated Lily, while suddenly the room span round.

"Yes, the capital prize! Miss Wiseacre!" mocked her father, his pale features distorted with rage. "My combination won five thousand for a nigger, and I had n't a dollar to stake on it. What do you think of that, Miss Know-it-all?"

"Oh, father, don't," sighed Lily looking piteously at him with a white face that at another time would have terrified him.

"Yes," he went on mercilessly, "and not content with discrediting me yourself, you must go about to poison the minds of my friends, and so cut me off from all chance of operating my system."

"Mr. Delavan!" she gasped, "he would not play?"

"No," sneered the Colonel, "Mr. Delavan would not play. Miss Maxwell has been lecturing, it seems, and the young idiot is fond of Miss Maxwell. We'll see what he thinks of Miss Maxwell's advice by this evening. Five thousand is a pretty sum; more than he'll make in five years at stock-farming, I'll bet."

"But you would n't have bought the ticket, father," said Lily, rallying a little. "You never buy the company's tickets."

"Oh, I would n't have bought the ticket," sneered the Colonel. "I'm a fool, I suppose. I see my own combination on the company's ticket, and I have n't sense enough to buy it. It takes a nigger to be cunning enough for that."

"But I thought it was one of the first principles of your system to distrust the company's tickets," persisted Lily.

"Much you know about my system," retorted her father disdainfully, and he turned his back upon her as he had turned it upon young Delavan in the morning.

"Come and eat your dinner, Lily," said Mrs. Maxwell, taking advantage of the first opportunity to create a diversion.

"I don't want any dinner," replied the girl dejectedly, as she quitted the room.

In her own chamber Lily threw herself upon the bed, assailed by a storm of remorse, pity, and regret. If she had only given her father the money! Poor old man, why should she have been so hard with him? What interest had he left in life but his cherished "system?" It was true that what he had squandered in developing it would have kept them all in comfort, but was his daughter to sit in judgment upon him? And young Delavan! What must he think of her? What would he say to her? Oh, how hateful that it should have been she who turned fortune back from their unfrequented door—actually refusing the gift well-nigh thrust into her hand! How absurd her virtuous declamation of the morning looked now! Was it possible, then, that she had no principle in the matter; that she thought gambling wrong only when one lost? But no, this was different from ordinary gambling—that money and a good deal more belonged to them of right. Ah, if she had only taken that ticket! In the midst of all this mental tumult her mother came in and sat down beside the bed.

"He's been dreadful all day," she began in her most melancholy tone. "Mr. Delavan refused to play, and he just fretted and fretted until I was afraid he'd have another fit. You know the doctor says it's so bad for him. Positively, if I'd known any one who would have been likely to lend me money, I'd have gone out and borrowed some, if it was only two bits, in spite of my promise to you that I never would. When that negro wench came bawling into the yard that she had won the capital prize he fainted dead away. I thought I never should bring him to."

"Poor mother," murmured Lily, taking one of the thin wrinkled hands between her own.

"I do think you might have let him have a dollar for once, daughter," she went on, in a mildly reproachful tone. "And just think, if you had."

"O, mother, don't," cried Lily in agony. "Don't you think I am sorry enough? But who can tell? Perhaps the numbers might not have come out if he had played; perhaps it was fated that that woman should win whatever numbers she held. Still, he shall have the dollar to-morrow, though I'm sure he won't win."

"You oughtn't to talk like that, Lily," remonstrated her mother, "you put bad luck on him. Give him the money, and I'll make a pilgrimage to St. Roch's and burn a candle."

"Mother!" exclaimed Lily, "is that wretched 'system' to rob us of both common sense and religion?"

At this moment a knocking at the door of the sitting-room, and Mrs. Maxwell going to see who was there, returned to report that Mr. Delavan wished to see Lily and would wait for her in the garden.

"I can't see him!" declared Lily in a panic. Then reflecting that his reproaches could not be more bitter than her own, she rose, and hastily bathing her face and smoothing her hair, went down to meet him. It was already dark, but the yellow rays of a lamp burning in the corridor showed her the figure of the young man seated near the silent fountain. He rose as she approached, and coming at once to the matter nearest his heart, began:

"Miss Lily, I wanted to thank you for speaking so plainly to me this morning."

"Thank me!" interjected Lily.

"It did me a world of good. I—"

Here, to his astonishment, Lily threw herself upon one of the garden seats and burst into violent weeping.

"Miss Lily, Miss Lily," exclaimed the young man distractedly, "what is the matter? What have I done?"

"Nothing, nothing," gasped Lily between her sobs, "only I'm so glad."

"So glad?" he repeated wonderingly.

"Oh, you don't know," she went on incoherently, "I saw the nasty ticket in the window, and I was so tempted to buy it, and so sorry I didn't, after all my preaching—and I was so sorry for poor father—and he was so angry with me—and—and I thought you had come to reproach me, too."

"I reproach you, Lily?" he cried impulsively, drawing a step nearer and seating himself on the edge of the bench beside her, "I could never reproach you, no matter what happened."

"Really? You don't mind not winning all that money?" she asked, looking at him through wet lashes that twinkled in the lamp's yellow rays.

"Mind?" he repeated, daringly possessing himself of one of the little hands that lay loosely clasped in her lap. "There's only one thing in the world I should mind about not winning."

And now this inconsequent young woman began to laugh immoderately, with as little apparent reason as there had been for her tears, but as she did not withdraw her hand, George was not excessively disconcerted.

"I suppose you are sorry now," he observed after a few moments patient endurance of this new vagary.

"Sorry? Why sorry?" she panted.

"If you weep when you are glad, you must laugh when you are sorry, of course."

"Oh, no; I laugh because—because—I'm so foolish—and—but I must go," making a movement as if to rise, and, for the first time apparently becoming conscious that her hand was not in her own keeping. "It's awfully good of you not to be angry; good night."

"Oh, don't go yet," he said, detaining the hand she was trying to withdraw, in a more forcible clasp, "I wanted to tell you something. I went to see my brother to-day. I have told you about my brother, have n't I?"

"No, I don't think you have," she said, releasing the disputed hand with a dexterous twist, and settling herself at the extreme end of the bench. "Tell me about him, then. Is he nice?"

"Oh, the best fellow in the world; a good deal older than I, you know, and married, and all that. He's been

like a father to me since our father died, and has lectured me faithfully about my idle ways, though I must admit I never paid much attention to him. I don't think one does pay much attention to brothers, do you?"

The question did not seem to call for a reply, but he stopped and looked so long and earnestly at Lily, who was certainly distractingly pretty in the soft half-light, that she was forced to say something.

"I don't know," she answered softly, "I never had a brother; I have often wished for one."

"I am not a candidate for the position," he replied quickly, slipping a little nearer and trying to get possession of the hand again.

"I had no intention of offering it to you," she retorted as quickly, putting her hands behind her and looking calmly up at Vega, shining whitely over her head.

"If you only knew how pretty you are when you look like that," he said insinuatingly.

"I do know," was the provoking response; "don't waste your time telling me. I thought I was to hear about your brother, to whom you never pay any attention."

"Oh, yes; well he has long wanted me to do something, and as I hate an office, and all sorts of commercial affairs, he proposed that I take charge of a stock-farm that he had to take for a debt two or three years ago, and that has been going to the dogs more or less ever since. So I went to see him to-day, and I told him—" here he broke off again and sat looking intently at Lily, who was leaning forward, apparently deeply interested.

"Well, you told him—" she prompted.

"I told him," he resumed, recapturing the hand at last, and speaking very rapidly, "that the dearest and sweetest girl in the world had just told me that I was a loafer, and on the high-road to beggary and theft, and that I had made up my mind to reform and go to work."

"Oh! you never told him that!" cried Lily wrenching her hand away, and putting it behind her again.



"YOU DON'T MIND NOT WINNING ALL THAT MONEY?"

"I did n't say it that way."

"And you are going to live in the country? Oh how lovely!"

"You will like to live in the country?" he asked, with audacious assurance.

"Oh, I don't know that *I* should. *I've* always lived in the city, you know. But I should think it would be nice for you."

"And why for me more than for you? Do you suppose I'm going up to that old farm alone?"

"Why, really, I hadn't thought of that," she said, with a mischievous pretense of taking the matter into consideration, now that he had called her attention to it, "I'll look about, if you wish, and see if I can find a suitable person to accompany you."

"You tantalizing witch!" he exclaimed, in a low tone, full of menace, and approaching his face dangerously near her own, "if you don't tell me at once that you will go yourself, I'll—"

Before he could complete his threat, however, either by word or act, she had slipped lithely from the bench, and was running like a deer across the garden toward the archway. At the foot of the stairs, with the way of escape open before her, she ventured to stop and call softly back into the darkness:

"Good night, Mr. Delavan, I'll see about that—"

But if she really expected to get off like that she had sadly miscalculated the tactical resources of the enemy, for, at this instant she was caught in a strong embrace, and the concluding words were crushed upon her saucy lips.

"You promise?" breathed a voice in her ear.

"Let me go! How rude—"

Again the words were taken from her lips unuttered.

"You promise?" repeated the voice.

"Oh, well, of course; to a highway robber like that, what can one do but promise?"

"Darling! just once more, to make sure."

"Let me go! Suppose some one should come!"

"Let them. You do love me, then, after all!"

"Not one bit. The presumption of the man!"

"Then not a step do you go."

"You're crazy! Some one is coming."

"Say that you love me."

"Must I say everything?"

"Everything. Ah, dearest, do n't you owe me that much after I have loved you so long?"

"So long? How long?"

"From the first moment I saw you."

"Truly?"

"As I live."

"All these months?"

"Every minute of them."

"Well, then," with a long-drawn sigh.

"Well, then?" with an answering sigh of rapturous suspense.

"Y-e-s."

A silence of some minutes' duration was broken by the quick patter of steps running nimbly up the wooden stair, and a young man, emerging from the shadow of the archway, went slowly back to his seat by the fountain to gaze up at a lighted window at the end of the long, dark wing.

As Lily entered the little room where she had lately been so wretched, the first thing she saw was the rose of the morning, lying neglected and faded on the floor.

"You poor, dear beauty!" she cried, pouncing upon it and pressing it rapturously to her burning lips. "Oh, how happy I am!"

### III.

The fame of black Lucy's luck greatly magnified popular faith in the Colonel's "system," and the following morning brought an unusual influx of visitors to the Maxwell apartments. As a rule nothing tried Lily's patience so much as this occasional flocking in of the devotees of chance, after some such ratification of the value of the "system," coming as to an oracle, each with a propitiatory offering and ostentatious concern about the health of the



high-priest, yet all intent upon picking up a guiding hint for the day's play. But this morning she was in a mood to look with indulgence upon all the world, and particularly upon all that related to her father. The sudden rebound from the depths of remorseful wretchedness to the pinnacle of happiness had left her in a state of calm exultation, which not even the most aggravated developments of the "system" could disturb. Nevertheless, she congratulated herself that duty imperatively

The Colonel received the pilgrims in due state, seated at his desk with the manuscript of the "system" imposingly displayed, and a general air of dealing familiarly with the mysteries of computation beyond the power of the vulgar mind to penetrate. He was looking very old and feeble, and his wife hovered in the background, watchfully mindful of the utterances of another oracle, to wit, the doctor. He was very calm, however, and discoursed with lofty assurance of the past and future achievements of the "system," and of the profoundly scientific principles upon which it was based.

"It is a little unfortunate for me that I was not playing yesterday," he would say with superb indifference, "and I am more than sorry that no friend of mine had the benefit of my foresight, but such little *contretemps* will occur now and then. Fortunately, the 'system' remains, and there will still be many triumphs like that of yesterday." And no one departed in ignorance of the fact that 49-72-40 were the numbers favored by the oracle for that day.

As the day advanced his calm assurance deserted him. He grew nervous and irritable, and when the hour for the promulgation of the drawing arrived, he set the door open and stationed himself where he could hear all that went on in the court below. An hour passed and nothing had happened; another, and still the swift runners who



"WITH THE MANUSCRIPT OF THE 'SYSTEM' IMPOSINGLY DISPLAYED."

demanding her presence elsewhere, and, having opened the door to the first of the pilgrims, who happened to be none other than Madame la Boulangère with a gift of new-laid eggs and a sugar *brioche* for the Colonel's lunch, she gladly pinned on the little hat with its futile scarlet wing and ran down the wooden stairs, not without a happy premonition of some one waiting for her in the corridor.

were to bring the great tidings of victory delayed their coming. At last the green doors opened and closed with a bang, and a blatant negro voice cried:

"Hi! what you tink now 'bout dat ol' 'systim'? Ain't I done tol' yo 'tain't no 'count?'"

"Didn't the numbers come out?" asked some one from the house.

"Naw," returned the blatant voice, "nary one o' dem 'systim' numbers



ain't come out. Dey's all done los' ev'ry cent dey puttin' on 'em. Ain't gettin' even a dime back. Hi! mebbe he want-ter say agin I steal he ol' numbers."

Mrs. Maxwell, silently watching in the background, saw her husband totter, and darted forward only in time to break his fall by coming to the floor with him. True to the proud reserve which she had maintained through all the slow years of social decadence, she uttered no call for help, and those who, attracted by the sound of the fall, came to see what had happened, found her struggling to drag the unconscious man inside the door.

The doctor came, looked wise, wrote a prescription, shook his head, and went away. One by one the neighbors also dropped out, their curious faces drawn into lines of decent sympathy, and last of all young Delavan, who had hastened to assume the offices of a son of the house, took up his hat, and, whispering to the sorrowing wife that he would go for Lily, left her alone with the stricken man.

She was glad to be thus left. She was of that loyal type of womanhood—

slavish, it is now the fashion to call it in certain circles—whom disillusion and disappointments do not alienate. The brilliant young being, fresh from the military academy and trailing about him those clouds of martial glory that hover over a parade ground, who had won the adoration of her girlish heart, had never quite ceased to exist for her. The faith she had plighted had never been withdrawn. Although herself of Northern birth, she had warmly sympathized with the patriotic spirit that had prompted him to surrender his commission in the Federal army in order to devote his trained ability to the service of the Confederacy. That he had risen in that service no higher than the rank of colonel was due, as she firmly believed, solely to the jealousy of his superiors; just as the invariable failure which had overtaken his many magnificent schemes for acquiring fortune had resulted either from the stupidity that could not appreciate their scope and value, or the dishonest greed that wished to absorb all their profits. Even the incomprehensible "system," upon which he had wasted



"HE BEGGED THAT IT BE LEFT WITH HIM."

so much time and energy, was to her a work of genius few men could have accomplished, and notwithstanding the repeated disasters that had attended its "operation," she still secretly hoped, with its inventor, for the grand *coup* that would restore them all to prosperity.

As she sat now, holding in her own one of the flaccid, nerveless hands, and gazing with tearless intentness into the gray, wasted face, it appeared to her entirely natural that she should be alone with him at such a moment. It was not an unexpected thing that had happened. She had known for many months that such a moment might come in any hour, and it was thus she had pic-

all right. I have provided for everything. There's a letter in my desk. Take it with the system to Major Addison. You remember him. I have requested him to attend to the sale. The lottery company will probably give the best price for it. You and Lily will be well provided for. Don't worry."

The eyes fell shut again, but the poor woman could not yet let him go.

"Horace! Horace!" she called, shrilly, as if he were already at a distance, "you are not going to leave me like that?"

Again the eyes opened, and even in that short space the shadow had deepened.



"LET IT PERISH WITH ALL THE OTHER ILLUSIONS."

tured its coming. Only one wish, ardent and absorbing, filled her heart—that he might open his eyes and speak to her before he drifted quite away upon that uncharted sea, where even her imagination was powerless to follow.

At last, as if his spirit felt that imperative, unuttered call, the closed lids slowly lifted, and the eyes, shadowy with the penumbra of the approaching mystery, looked into hers. A smile crisped the pale lips, and one arm was slowly raised and laid tenderly about her neck.

"Don't worry," he said feebly. "It's

"Kiss me," the pale lips motioned rather than spoke. "All's—well—tell Lily—love."

The Colonel's funeral created even a more vivid sensation than that produced by the triumph and failure of the "system." Old friends and army comrades, whom he had bored and borrowed from past endurance, forgot all save the man they had once loved and esteemed, and came to pay honor to his memory. The court and corridor were thronged with grave, responsible citizens, who stood with heads reverently bared as the coffin was borne

out; a military guard encompassed the hearse, and a band wailed before it in strains of immortal sorrow. It was, undoubtedly, the sentiment of the neighborhood that

Nothing in his life  
Became him like the leaving it.

But Mrs. Maxwell wept luxuriously behind her crape veil. In all this melancholy pomp she saw her hero reinstated.

A week passed, after the funeral, before Mrs. Maxwell thought it proper to issue from her seclusion, even for so sacred a purpose as the execution of her husband's last wishes. At the end of that period, dressed in the black gown and long veil, thriftily saved from a former season of mourning, and, armed with the letter and the precious "system," neatly wrapped in yellow paper, she set out for the office of Major Addison. The Major received her with an outward urbanity that masked a secret apprehension. He read the letter, looked thoughtful, then begged that the manuscript be left with him, promising to inform her of the result of his efforts by letter. Another week went by, during which Mrs. Maxwell developed a strange buoyancy of spirit, throwing out, from time to time, mysterious hints of some coming good fortune, which would render her and Lily independent for the rest of their lives. One evening, however, Lily and young Delavan, coming in together, found the poor lady dissolved in tears over a letter and a thick yellow paper package.

"What is it, mother?" said Lily, "let me see the letter," and taking it from her unresisting fingers, she read:

DEAR MADAM:

I am extremely sorry if you have based any serious hopes upon the sale of the accompanying manuscript. My very friendship for your husband forbids that I should bring his intelligence into disrepute by offering it, either to the Lottery Company or elsewhere, as a matter worthy of serious attention. If I can serve you in any other way, please command me.

Sincerely yours,

C. F. ADDISON.

"It was your poor father's last hope," sobbed the widow disconsolately, as Lily laid the letter upon the table.

"Dear mother," said Lily, "it was not a hope, but an illusion. Let it perish with all the other illusions of which it was both parent and child."

As she spoke she lifted the package, and, approaching the stove where the fire was lighted in preparation for tea, set aside the kettle.

"Lily! you shall not!" cried her mother, starting up. "It is sacrilege!"

"Don't hinder me!" exclaimed the girl; then, holding the manuscript aloft with the look and gesture of a priestess before the altar, she said solemnly: "Father, to the memory of the scholar and the soldier I offer this, a sacrifice of burning. As it crumbles to ashes may the shadow it has cast upon our lives be lifted forever."

"Amen!" responded young Delavan fervently, as the package fell into the leaping flames.

"There," said Lily cheerfully, replacing the kettle and smiling through her tears, "it will help to boil the kettle for our tea, and that will be the first and only good it has ever accomplished."

And thus vanished from the world the "Colonel's System."



## COUSIN JAMES.

BY JOHN PATTERSON.

"YOU say you are going to visit his ol' place in Louisa County before you return home. I wish you could see it just as it was befo' the wa'. There have been many changes there since then. The house was long an' flat, an' spread nearly all over creation. It was mostly on the first floor, except a square in the center, an' what rooms there were upstairs were low with leaning ceilings. There was a broad po'ch in front, built right flat on the groun' an' covered with vines which in summer cert'nly were beautiful with their big red blossoms. The po'ch was paved with hexagon-shaped bricks, an' its pillars were made of brick painted white to look like stone. The front-do' opened into the grand hall, a large oblong room with an *immense*, big fire-place an' a wonderful mantel of wood cut with images of faeries, or some other kind of women, pelting Cupid with roses. The other strangely carved mantel-pieces, the high ol'-fashioned bedsteads, the clear glass do'-knobs, the po'traits of my gran'father, the prince as he was called, an' of many mo' gentlemen in stocks an' ladies in frills an' ruffles, the tall clocks in the corners, the spinning-wheels, the cedar water-buckets and gourds on the back-po'ch, the yahd with its slim pines an' the tangled, sweet gyarden beyon' the picket fence, you know, are all parts of an' ol' Virginia home.

"That's where Cousin James lived — po' Cousin James! Wasn't he the comicallest little man you ever saw? He wasn't over five feet three or fo' inches high, an' was so thin that he was always cold, an' seemed ready to shiver. He had big, blue, China-doll eyes, you know, with the lower lids pulled down by some kind of muscular trouble until the red showed like a line of blood beneath them. His upper lip was also drawn down an' stretched tight over his teeth when he went to talk. His forehead wasn't a bit wider than that,

was it? an' he kept his hair brushed straight back this-a-way from it. Don't you think he was the ugliest man you ever saw? In the winter-time he always wore a long brown overcoat which reached to his heels an' had pockets a foot square on the sides, an' he wore a linen duster just like it in the summer-time. Wasn't his the loudest voice you ever heard in a human being? It seemed to rise from the bottom of his boots down under his long coat. But his heart was as soft as his voice was rough, an' the tears would come into his eyes whenever he heard of anything sad or of anybody's suffering.

"I was standing in the front-yahd one day when I saw Cousin James come walking along toward the house. Now and then he would bend his head down in his han's, an', after keeping it there a minute, lift it again. I couldn't imagine what he was doing until he got nearer, when I saw he had his han's full of brown sugar which he kept eating in huge lumps. 'What on earth are you eating so much sugar for, Cousin James?' I said in astonishment, for I knew that he was troubled with indigestion an' didn't eat much sweet. 'Igonnies! boy,' he said in his immense, big voice, 'I came across some of the finest wild grapes you ever saw, in that patch of woods over yonder, an' I ate so many of 'em that I'm 'fraid they will sour on my stomach, so I'm eating this sugar to keep 'em sweet.'

"Cousin James was very fond of dawgs, an' he had a dawg-story, or kind of conundrum, which he always liked to tell. He said that one night ahfter he had almost gone to sleep, he heard a powerful barking an' snarling an' scuffling among his dawgs. He pulled on some clos' an' went out to see what was the matter. His dawgs, numbering ten or twelve, were sitting in the moonlight aroun' another dawg which had what seemed to be a huge head of the funniest shape you ever

saw. Every now an' then one of the dawgs would jump forward at the center one which would, with much dignity, wave his big head at it an' make it back off with a growl. Cousin James said that they all looked like a troupe of lawyers sitting aroun' the cou't wrangling, an' every time anyone arose to make a motion, the big-headed judge would overrule him an' wave him back to his seat. Cousin James foun' that one of his dawgs had been stealing lard from a narrow-necked, sloping pail where it had been carelessly put, an' had got his head fastened in the bucket. 'Now how do you think I got the pail off,' was Cousin James' smiling question when his dawg-story was over?

"Ahfter many wrong guesses, until his audience gave it up, he would explain with great care and numerous gesticulations that it was done by taking hold of the skin of the dawg's neck so, an' working it back slowly from the bucket on his neck, like you would work on a kid glove.

"Cousin James was a kind, educated gentleman, although he was so homely and unprepossessing. Just ahfter the wa' was over we used to have great times at the ol' place. On Sunday ahfternoons many of the neighbors would gather in Cousin James' front room an' tell wa' tales, some of them funny an' others sad an' bitter. They all drifted into sad ones, however, for the result of the wa' was very sad to us all who still wore here a torn gray jacket, an' there a forlorn gray cap.

"We young men, however, were too warm with youth to be sad long or to let others be, an' we broke in on the defeats of Gettysburg an' Appomatox with frequent pranks. Our favorite amusement was to catch all the dawgs we could in the neighborhood an' keep them in the smoke-house until Sunday ahfternoon. Then, when some ol' soldier was in the midst of a favorite charge or pathetic retreat, we would slip from the room an' start a dawg with a tin can to his tail down the road past the front windows. The clatter of tin an' the rattle of stones would interrupt the speaker within an' bring his hear-

ers crowding to the windows to catch, perhaps, a flitting likeness to some favorite houn' flying down the road to the roll of tin drums and rocky musketry. There broke out a strange disease among dawgs in our neighborhood, which affected the tips of the tails, an' many a stately houn' on future retrograde movements showed a stump that would have made even an impudent bull-dawg blush. Cousin James swore, in his gruff loud voice, an' his mild 'igonnies,' that it was tying tight strings to the tails which had caused the disease, an' he made us stop our cruel sport in the future, an' let the dawgs prolong their weary tails in peace.

"Cousin James had put his name promiscuously on the paper of all his frien's, as those ol' Virginia gentlemen would, an' at the close of the wa' the day of reckoning came. Note ahfter note fell due an' could not be met by its giver; an' Cousin James' bonds an' acres dwindled gradually away in payment of securities, until all his debts were settled, as he thought, an' nothing was left him but the ol' place with a few po' fields. I shall never forget one of those Sunday ahfternoons when we were all sitting in the front room, still nursing the Lost Cause. At a pause in the conversation, Captain Liggett put his han' into his coat, an' drawin' out his pocket-book, began to unwind the strings which held it. We watched him put on his silver-rimmed spectacles an' carefully unfold a piece of paper which he read an' handed to Cousin James, with the question: 'James, is this yo' han'-writing?' Cousin James took the paper, an' as he read it we could see the blood fairly start from his heart an' rise up his neck into his face an' eyes to the roots of his hair. He then handed the note to Cousin Robert an' asked: 'Robert, is that my signature?' Cousin Robert looked for a moment at the place where his brother's finger rested, an' then answered huskily, 'Yes, an' damn well written, too.' Cousin James said nothing mo', but sat with his head buried in his han's, an' never let on that it was Cousin Robert's note for five thousand dollars

he was on, an' had forgotten or thought paid long ago—Cousin Robert, who had n't a red cent left in the world any mo' than the rest of us. Well, the ol' place had to go, an' you know the rest."

Yes, I knew the rest of the history of Major James Clayton, these incidents from whose life his cousin, himself a courteous Virginia gentleman, had been telling me.

After Major Clayton, or "Cousin James" as he was known in Virginia by his countless relatives, whom a Virginian of good birth always has to infinity, had been forced to sell the small remnant of his estate with Clayton House itself, to pay his brother's debt, he determined, if he could get suitable employment elsewhere, to leave his native state. His kinsfolk were all as poor as himself and could, therefore, afford him no assistance, which, even if the case had been otherwise, he would have been loath to accept, and his surroundings in Louisa County or anywhere in Virginia would keep too fresh the memory and happiness of former days.

He was a graduate of the University of Virginia, and had read extensively in the classics since those distant college days with a devotion that was more than dilettanteism. After the disappointing close of the war, the Major, then in his fiftieth year, had resolved to turn his defeated sword into a pruning-hook, and to follow the counsel of Cicero in his essay "On Old Age." His roses, his grapes, and his apples were to be the solace of his sorrows and the employment of his years. "*Fata obstant*," the Major quoted to himself after his late reverses, and with one last sigh resignedly determined to put his classics to the unexpected use of making his bread. He had seen in the Richmond "Times" an advertisement for a principal of the public school in Ellisville, Kentucky, and the Major at once proceeded to secure endorsements and to apply for the vacancy. How pathetico-ludicrous were those letters of recommendation from captains and majors and colonels and generals:

SIRS: I have known the bearer of these presents, Major James Clayton, of Louisa County, Virginia, from early boyhood, and he is my personal friend. He comes of one of the first families of Virginia, and is a gentleman without reproach and a soldier without fear. He can sit a horse as well as any man in the state; he led a charge at Fredericksburg, at the head of his men, and spiked the first gun of the Yankees. I heartily endorse him for the principalship of your school. I have the honor, sirs, to be

Your humble servant,

GEORGE DUNDEL,  
Colonel Richmond Grays.

#### TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

The bearer of this letter, Major James Clayton, has been my neighbor and friend for thirty years. He is a gentleman whose word is his law. He was a distinguished soldier in the Confederate Army and accounted the best saber of his company. He comes of one of the first families of Virginia, and will be an ornament to the society of Ellisville, if it is fortunate enough to secure his services as principal of its High School. I am, sirs,

Your most obedient,

WILLIAM G. GABLE,  
Captain Black-Horse Cavalry.

#### TO THE HONORABLE MEMBERS OF ELLISVILLE SCHOOL BOARD:

SIRS: I have the distinguished pleasure to inform you that it may be your high privilege to obtain the services of Major James Clayton, of Louisa County, Virginia. Major Clayton served in my regiment during the late unpleasantness between the Confederate States and the Yankees, and as a soldier he was irreproachable. He was twice wounded at Fredericksburg, but still sat his horse until the day was over. Major Clayton's family is second to none in Virginia, and I congratulate you upon your prospects of having him a citizen of your state. Accept, sirs, my highest compliments.

Yours truly,

H. H. JOHNSON,  
Colonel Army of Northern Virginia.

P. S.—Major Clayton can mix the best julep in Louisa County. H. H. J.

Dear Virginia captains and colonels! What possible need could there be for a man to be anything else than a soldier and a gentleman to fit him for any position, from that of a minister of the gospel or principal of a high school to President of the United States? Major Clayton had some vague consciousness that he must mention his mental attainments; and, after reading the recommendations from his military friends, himself drew up a paper stating that he was a graduate of the university and



competent to conduct a school, which paper the captains and majors and colonels and generals signed *en masse*, with mental surprise that they had forgotten to mention these facts in their letters.

There happened to be a member of the Ellisville school board who was an ex-Virginian; and partly through his influence and partly from the circumstance that the other applicants were citizens of Ellisville—for Kentuckians never elect one of their own citizens to a place in their colleges or schools when there are other candidates—Major Clayton received notice that he had been elected principal of the Ellisville High School, and was expected to enter at once on his duties.

Then came the parting from his martial friends and his relations, a few final suppers fragrant with mint and the stirrup-cups of the major's journey, and at length the queer looking little man in long linen duster, with big carpet-sack and box of fried chicken, beaten biscuits, and sugar-cured ham, is seated in the car gazing out on the vanishing scenes of his boyhood home. His large blue eyes are paler, and their palsied lids redder than ever before. Richmond! Then leaving Virginia—perhaps forever!—he who is as much a part of where he has lived and what he has seen from infancy as are the old blue-topped Alleghenies through which he is soon whirling.

The Major stands on the rear platform of the train and looks back as the sun goes down and the mountain-dews gather. What if the corn-fields are sparse, the fences moss-grown and broken, the barns dilapidated, the garners unfilled? It is Virginia, Virginia! And as his last night on the beloved soil plants its black banner in the Shenandoah vale, surely the major's "harp is turned to mourning and his organ into the voice of them that weep."

When the board of trustees assembled in the Ellisville high-school building to meet "Professor" Clayton on the morning of his arrival, you can imagine their half-amusement, half-amazement when the little major entered the committee room and announced himself as

the new principal. They had anticipated a tall, stately man of soldierly bearing—too much, perhaps, they had gathered from his credentials—elegant in dress and scholarly in dignity and accent. They had noised it abroad in the city, to the terror of the boys and triumph of parents, that a Virginian soldier-professor, a second Stonewall Jackson, was to take charge of the school and to introduce the millennium of school affairs. And now, here was the major just from the cars, in his trailing linen duster, his wide soft hat, and his vest fastened only at the lowest button. His diminutive size, his flaming, drawn lower eye-lids, his loud incongruous voice, and his general homeliness filled the trustees with mirth not unmingled with consternation. The Major, subconscious of being a gentleman, and having always lived among friends who knew his fine, generous nature too well to think of his unfortunate personal appearance, possibly never dreamed of the impression he was making, and greeted his temporary hosts in that deep, harsh voice of his, with a ceremonious:

"I am delighted, suhs, to have the honor of yo' esteemed acquaintance, an' am ready to proceed to the performance of my duties."

The trustees restrained themselves sufficiently to return the Major's salutation, and then remembered individually and collectively that they had business engagements, and departed, leaving their ex-Virginian colleague to introduce the Virginian to the teachers and pupils. If the major could have witnessed the conduct of the trustees after their departure, he would have thought a Kentucky school board composed of very frivolous gentlemen—so irresistible a sense of the ridiculous had been aroused in them by their new professor and his singular personality.

When Major Clayton stood on the platform of the school chapel, being introduced to his eight or nine associates, anyone of whom was a Hercules and Apollo in contrast to himself, the convulsed boys broke into an amused storm of clapping and stamping. After the noise had continued for ten or twelve

minutes, and ceased from muscular exhaustion, the Major stepped to the front of the rostra and spoke in accents which made his audience start in their seats, as if the roar of a cannon had issued from the mouth of a toy-pistol:

"My young friends, it affords me extreme felicity to enter upon the charge of such intelligent youth. The generous applause with which you greet me, I attribute mo' to the honor of my native state than to any merit in my humble se'f. Most of you are the gran'sons or the great gran'sons of Ol' Virginia, an' I don't feel that I've left all of its dear people behin' me since I have come to Kentucky. So let's all go an' take—I mean that I hope our relations will be profitable an' pleasant, an' I thank you for yo' hearty welcome."

I was the ex-Virginian trustee, and already the little major, red eyes, grotesque clothes, stentorian voice, and all had entered my heart, and, I must confess, lay heavy there. I wondered if perhaps he had not penetrated the disguised reception of the school board and the applause of the boys. There was a sad look in his eyes, so I took him to my own home to board.

Of course, the ugly little major was totally unfit for the position in which fate had thrust him. His red eyes were a sufficient frame on which busy-bodies might rest a fabric of his dissipation. The homely disguise in which providence had concealed his worth was as unsuited to his soul as a bushel to a light, for the disguise had to be pierced before the real major could be seen, and strangers had neither inclination nor time to do this. A man who trusted everybody, took everybody's word without hesitation, who was too kind-hearted ever to rebuke, much less to punish children, could not realize that a boy's moral character was naturally weak and as undeveloped as his mind; he therefore, in a week's time, had allowed the reins of discipline to slip from his tender fingers. The charge of want of discipline, coupled with the false charge of drunkenness, was quickly entered against the new

principal, and at the first meeting of the school board, in secret session, it was seriously debated as to whether or not his resignation should be immediately called for. With difficulty I secured the probation of the Major for a second month. I did everything in my power to conceal from him his lack of success in the management of the school; told him that he would have matters straightened out and in ship-shape as soon as he became acclimated in Ellisville and recovered his strength; for since his arrival, the change of water and atmosphere, and home-sickness, no doubt, had caused an indisposition in the Major.

This autumn had been particularly conducive to typhoid fever in Ellisville, naturally prone to the disease from its low, marshy situation and its impure water supply. The subtle wings and tenuous shape of typhus floated with the river mists over the city, and its noxious breath stretched many a parched invalid low on a burning bed, or lower still, under the sod of Silent Hill. Some weeks after coming to Ellisville Major Clayton was taken ill of typhoid fever. I had him removed to a hospital where he could have all the advantages of trained nurse and suitable diet. The physician thought his case not serious, and the Major himself would not let me write for his relatives. He insisted that, "Igonnies! they were all too po' to spend the money for the trip." I visited him every day, and when he was allowed to talk, he would converse with me about our native state.

One afternoon, as I sat silently watching him and thinking him asleep, he suddenly stretched out one thin, hot hand and laid it on mine.

"Mr. Houston," he began, "you have been very kind to me, sur, and I thank you for it; but you do not need thanks for a favor, suh; you are a Virginian."

After a pause for breath, he continued:

"I know that I made a mistake in trying to take charge of a school, an' that I've been a failure. I know, too, that the boa'd is only waiting for my

recovery to demand my resignation, an', igonnies! suh, I don't blame 'em. There now, Colonel Houston," unconsciously giving me one of the titles so dear to his heart, "don't tell me it isn't true. You will tell me next that I'm as han'some as Apollo Belvidere—don't you think my face has been rather a big burden for such a little man to carry?" and a transient sparkle came into the pale blue eyes.

A long interval, in which he seemed to be thinking deeply, and then he finished his reflections aloud:

"Yes, if I hadn't been so ugly, all might have been different. I might have won Mary an' been mo' careful of my money; but then, po' Robert an' the rest would have been worse off, an' I reckon it's better as it is."

I assured him that school matters would turn out better than he expected, and that he would soon be well again, but he replied to my remarks only with a pressure of the hand.

When I called again the next day Major Clayton's condition was much worse, and it was apparent that he was

rapidly sinking. He recognized me and said: "Mr. Houston, I know that you will take me home." Only these words, and then he never spoke again. I knew from his expression that he was already at home in his beloved Virginia, among his grapes and roses at Clayton House, and listening to the negroes singing in the cabin doors, amid those scenes of youth which always close for us the great drama, though we may be separated from them by tedious years of time and weary miles of distance. "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven." Child at birth, child of hope in life, child of the past at death—each of us is but a child after all! The not wholly unkind hand of death closed Major Clayton's red-rimmed blue eyes and set the seal of mysterious beauty upon his ugliness.

I took him back to Virginia, and he was buried in his beloved Hollywood, with the funeral pomp suitable to a soldier and a gentleman; and there I heard what else I have told you of "Cousin James."



## THE FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN LEE AND SCOTT.

BY J. WM. JONES.

NOW that the bitter memories of the late "War between the States" are passing away, and those who were enemies once can again meet as friends and brothers, it is very pleasant to recall the fact that even amid the animosities of war there were instances of warm friendship existing between soldiers of the opposing armies. That playful correspondence between "Jeb" Stuart and his old West Point chum at Lewinsville, in 1861; the capture of his old classmate by Fitz. Lee, in 1862, and the jolly time they had together as they sang "Benny Havens O!" and revived memories of "Auld Lang Syne"; the meeting between Major "Bob" Wheat and Colonel Percy Wyndham, when the latter was captured by Ashby, near Harrisonburg, Virginia, in 1862; and many similar incidents might be given to show that there were friendships which could not be broken by the fact that honest men took opposite sides in the war.

But one of the most conspicuous illustrations is the warm friendship which existed to the last between two of the most prominent actors in the great drama—General Winfield Scott and General R. E. Lee. This friendship, begun in the Mexican war, was cemented up to the time that Lee resigned his commission and accepted the command of the Virginia forces, and remained unbroken until the death of General Scott. I have been permitted to make the following extract from an unpublished autograph letter, written by Captain R. E. Lee to his brother, Sidney Smith Lee, of the navy. It is dated "City of Mexico, 4th of March, 1848." It was not only written without any expectation of its ever being published, but the writer even took the precaution to say to the loved brother, whom he playfully addressed as "My Darling Rose," that "this is intended only for your eyes." And yet it will be seen that this rising young officer,

writing with all the freedom of brotherly confidence, not only does not seek to exalt himself by detracting from the merits of his chief, but modestly pushes aside the personal fame he has so justly won, that he might pay tribute of admiring friendship to his loved general. After writing in a charming manner about various family and social matters, Captain Lee says:

"Your commendations upon the conduct of the army in this war have filled me with pleasure; they justly deserve it. There was no danger too great for them to seek, and no labor too severe for them to undertake. The fall of a comrade did not retard a single step, but all pressed forward to their work. Better soldiers never died on any field. Nor has the navy been behind them in their duties. They have risked every exposure and every disease, have served on land with as much alacrity as on ship-board, have captured every port they could reach, and now hold the whole coast closely blockaded. They have only lacked the opportunities offered to the army. I think our country may well be proud of the conduct of both arms of the service. As to myself, your brotherly feelings have made you estimate too highly my small services, and though praise from one I love so dearly is very sweet, truth compels me to disclaim it. I did nothing more than what others in my place would have done much better. The great cause of our success was in our leader. It was his stout heart that cast us on the shore of Vera Cruz; his bold self-reliance that forced us through the pass at Cerro Gordo; his indomitable courage that, amid all the doubts and difficulties that surrounded us at Puebla, pressed us forward to this capital, and finally brought us within its gates, while others, who croaked all the way from Brazos, and advised delay at Puebla, finding themselves at last, contrary to their expectations, comfortably

quartered within the city, find fault with the way they came there. With all their knowledge, I will defy them to have done better. I agree with you as to the dissensions in camp; they have clouded a bright campaign. It is a contest in which neither party has anything to gain and the army much to lose, and ought to have been avoided. The whole matter will soon be before the court, and if it be seen that there has been harshness and intemperance of language on one side, it will be evident that there has been insubordination on the other.

"It is difficult for a general to maintain discipline in an army, composed as this is, in a foreign country, where temptations to disorders are so great and the chance of detection so slight. He requires every support and confidence from his government at home. If he abuses his trust or authority, it is then time to hold him to account. But to decide the matter upon an *ex parte* statement of favorites; to suspend a successful general in command of an army in the heart of an enemy's country; to try the judge in the place of the accused, is to upset all discipline; to jeopardize the safety of the army and the honor of the country, and to violate justice. I trust, however, that all will work well in the end.

"I had strong hopes of peace on the basis of the project of the treaty submitted by the Mexican government, of which you have learned through the papers. Had congress promptly granted the means for prosecuting the war asked by the President, I believe the treaty, if acceptable to our country, would have been ratified by the Mexican congress. But the discussions in congress and speeches of some of our leading men are calculated to so confuse the public mind here that it may encourage them to delay and procrastinate in the hope that the plan of withdrawing the army, no indemnity, etc., may be adopted. These other difficulties that I have spoken of, especially the recall of General Scott, may prove unfavorable. It is rather late in the day to discuss the origin of the war; that ought to have been understood before we engaged in

it. It may have been produced by the act of either party or the force of circumstances. Let the pedants in diplomacy determine. It is certain that we are the victors in a regular war, continued, if not brought on, by their obstinacy and ignorance, and they are whipped in a manner of which women might be ashamed. We have the right, by the laws of war, of dictating the terms of peace and requiring indemnity for our losses and expenses. Rather than forego that right, except through a spirit of magnanimity to a crushed foe, I would fight them ten years, but I would be generous in exercising it."

We have said that Lee's friendship for Scott, thus begun, grew stronger as the years went on. His family, and others who knew him, speak of the tender, loving terms in which he always spoke of his chief, and the high respect with which he always treated him. But this is very strikingly brought out in the circumstances under which Lee, despite the remonstrances of Scott, resigned his commission in the United States army and cast his lot with his native state. During the earlier stages of the secession excitement, Colonel Lee was with his regiment in Texas, and under date of January 23, 1861, he wrote to a member of his family:

"As an American citizen I take great pride in my country, her prosperity and institutions, and would defend any state if her rights were invaded. But I can anticipate no greater calamity for the country than a dissolution of the Union. It would be an accumulation of all the evils we complain of, and I am willing to sacrifice everything but honor for its preservation. Still, a union that can only be maintained by swords and bayonets, and in which strife and civil war are to take the place of brotherly love and kindness has no charm for me. I shall mourn for my country and for the welfare and progress of mankind. If the Union is dissolved and the government disrupted, I shall return to my native state and share the miseries of my people, and, save in defense, will draw my sword on none."

Three weeks after this was written he received orders "to report to the

Commander-in-Chief, at Washington," and hastening to obey the summons, reached there on the 1st of March, just three days before the inauguration of President Lincoln. His hopes for the averting of civil war were doomed to a sad disappointment, and events followed so rapidly, that by the middle of April he was compelled to decide whether he would go with the North or with Virginia in the great struggle—whether he would accept the command of the United States armies in the field or "share the miseries of his people," while he gave up place, fortune, and his beautiful home at Arlington, to serve his native Virginia.

If any influence could have swerved Lee from his purpose, it was his friendship for his commander, and his high respect for his opinions. General Scott used all of his powers of persuasion to induce him to adhere to the Union, and serve under the "old flag," and finally Francis Preston Blair (at General Scott's suggestion) was sent by Mr. Lincoln to offer him the supreme command of the United States Armies in the field. This statement has been questioned, but the proof is conclusive. Besides the positive testimony of Montgomery Blair, who got it from his father, and of Reverdy Johnson and other gentlemen, who received it from General Scott, I found, soon after his death, in General Lee's private letter-book, in his own well-known handwriting, and was permitted to copy, the following letter, which settles the whole question beyond peradventure.

Senator Simon Cameron had stated on the floor of the Senate that Lee sought to obtain the chief command of the army, and, being disappointed, had then "gone to Richmond and joined the Rebels." Reverdy Johnson of Maryland, himself an ardent Union man, repelled the charge, and thereupon General Lee wrote him as follows:

LEXINGTON, VA., Feb. 25, 1863.

HON. REVERDY JOHNSON,  
*United States Senate, Washington, D. C.*  
MY DEAR SIR:

My attention has been called to the official report of the debate in the Senate of the United States, of the 19th instant, in which

you did me the kindness to doubt the correctness of the statement made by the Hon. Simon Cameron in regard to myself.

I desire that you may feel certain of my conduct on the occasion referred to, so far as my individual statement can make you. I never intimated to any one that I desired the command of the United States army, nor did I ever have a conversation with but one gentleman, Mr. Francis Preston Blair, on the subject, which was at his invitation, and, as I understood, at the instance of President Lincoln. After listening to his remarks, I declined the offer he made to me to take command of the army that was to be brought into the field, stating as candidly and as courteously as I could, that though opposed to secession and deprecating war, I could take no part in an invasion of the Southern States.

I went directly from the interview with Mr. Blair to the office of General Scott, told him of the proposition that had been made to me, and my decision.

Upon reflection, upon returning to my home, I concluded that I ought no longer to retain any commission I held in the United States army, and on the second morning thereafter I forwarded my resignation to General Scott. At the time I hoped that peace would have been preserved; that some way would have been found to save the country from the calamities of war, and I then had no other intention than to pass the remainder of my days as a private citizen.

Two days afterwards, upon the invitation of the Governor of Virginia, I repaired to Richmond, found that the convention then in session had passed the ordinance withdrawing the state from the Union, and accepted the commission of commander of its forces, which was tendered me. These are the simple facts of the case, and they show that Mr. Cameron has been misinformed.

I am, with great respect,

Your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE.

It will be seen from this letter that no sooner had Colonel Lee received and rejected this proposition, which tendered him rank far beyond what he could hope for by siding with the Confederates, than he went immediately to his friend, General Scott, and told him all about it. The last interview between Scott and Lee was a very affecting one. The veteran begged Lee to accept the offer of Mr. Lincoln, and not to "throw away such brilliant prospects," and "make the great mistake of his life." Lee expressed the highest respect for General Scott and for his opinions, repeated what he had said to Mr. Blair, that while he recognized no necessity for the state of things then



existing, and would gladly liberate the slaves of the South, if they were his, to avert the war, yet he could not take up arms against his native state, his home, his kindred, his children. They parted with expressions of warmest mutual friendship, and General Lee returned to Arlington.

The night before his letter of resignation was written, he asked to be alone, and while his noble wife watched and prayed below, he was heard pacing the floor of the chamber above, or pouring forth his soul in prayer for Divine guidance. About three o'clock in the morning he came down, calm and composed, and said to his wife:

"Well, Mary, the path of duty is now plain before me. I have decided on my course. I will at once send my resignation to General Scott."

Accordingly he penned the following letter:

ARLINGTON, VA., April 20, 1861.

GENERAL:

Since my interview with you on the 18th instant, I have felt that I ought not longer to retain my commission in the army. I therefore tender my resignation, which I request you will recommend for acceptance. It would have been presented at once but for the struggle it has cost me to separate myself from a service to which I have devoted the best years of my life and all the ability I possessed.

During the whole of that time—more than a quarter of a century—I have experienced nothing but kindness from my superiors, and the most cordial friendship from my comrades. To no one, General, have I been so much indebted as to yourself for uniform kindness and consideration, and it has always been my desire to merit your approbation. I shall carry to the grave the most grateful recollections of your kind consideration, and your name and fame will always be dear to me.

Save in defense of my native state, I never again desire to draw my sword. Be pleased to accept my most earnest wishes for the continuance of your happiness and prosperity, and believe me,

Most truly yours,

R. E. LEE.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT,  
Commanding United States Army.

The newspapers of the South, and especially of Richmond, were very bitter against General Scott for not siding with Virginia, his native state, in the contest; but General Lee always spoke of his old friend in terms of high respect,

while regretting that he did not see it his duty to come with his state. Soon after he took command of the Virginia forces a friend called to see him one day, accompanied by his five-year-old boy, a sprightly little fellow, whom the General soon had dandling on his knee. Soon the father asked Henry:

"What is General Lee going to do with General Scott?"

The little fellow, who had caught the slang of the times, at once replied:

"He is going to whip him out of his boots."

General Lee's voice and manner instantaneously changed, and, lifting Henry down he stood him full in the face, said with great gravity:

"My dear little boy, you should not use such expressions. War is a serious matter, and General Scott is a great and good soldier. None of us can tell what the result of this contest will be."

All through the war he was accustomed to speak of General Scott in the kindest terms, and a short time before his own death I heard him, in a company of gentlemen at Lexington, Va., pay a warm tribute to the memory of his old friend and esteemed commander.

General Scott was even more demonstrative in his expressions of admiration and friendship for Lee. His dispatches and official reports from Mexico were filled with warmest commendations of his favorite engineer officer. Of his service during the siege of Vera Cruz, General Scott wrote:

"I am compelled to make special mention of Captain R. E. Lee, engineer. This officer greatly distinguished himself at the siege of Vera Cruz."

In his report of Cerro Gordo he mentions several times the efficient service which Captain Lee performed, and says:

"This officer was again indefatigable during these operations in reconnoissances, as daring as laborious and of the utmost value. Nor was he less conspicuous in planning batteries and in conducting columns to their stations under the heavy fire of the enemy."

In his official report of the final operations which captured the City of Mexico, General Scott declares Captain Lee

to have been "as distinguished for felicitous execution as for science and daring," and says again: "Captain Lee, so constantly distinguished, also bore important orders from me (September 13), until he fainted from a wound and the loss of two nights' sleep at the batteries." When, soon after General Scott's return from Mexico, a committee from Richmond waited on him to tender him a public reception in the capitol of his native state, he said: "You seek to honor the wrong man. Captain R. E. Lee is the Virginian who deserves the credit of that brilliant campaign."

The late General William Preston, of Kentucky, said that General Scott told him that he regarded Lee "as the greatest living soldier in America," and that in a conversation not long before the breaking out of the war, General Scott said with emphasis:

"I tell you that if I were on my death-bed to-morrow, and the President of the United States should tell me that a great battle was to be fought for the liberty or slavery of the country, and asked my advice as to the ability of a commander, I would say with my dying breath, let it be Robert E. Lee."

I have been allowed to copy the following autograph letter of General Scott, which illustrates this point:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,  
May 8, 1857.

HON. J. B. FLOYD,  
*Secretary of War.*

SIR:

I beg to ask that one of the vacant second-lieutenancies may be given to W. H. F. Lee, son of Brevet Colonel R. E. Lee, at present on duty against the Comanches.

I make this application mainly on the extraordinary merits of the father, the very best soldier I ever saw in the field; but the son is himself a very remarkable youth, now about twenty, of a fine stature and constitution, a good linguist, a good mathematician, and about to graduate at Harvard University. He is also honorable and amiable, like his father, and dying to enter the army. I do not ask the commission as a favor, though if I had influence I should be happy to exert it in this case. My application is in the name of national justice, in part payment (and but a small part) of the debt due to the invaluable services of Colonel Lee.

I have the honor to be, with high respect,  
Your obedient servant,  
WINFIELD SCOTT.

In a public address delivered in Baltimore, soon after the death of General Lee, Hon. Reverdy Johnson said that he "had been intimate with General Scott, and had heard him say more than once that his success in Mexico was largely due to the skill, valor, and undaunted energy of Lee. It was a theme upon which he (General Scott) liked to converse, and he stated his purpose to recommend him as his successor in the chief command of the army. I was with General Scott in April, 1861, when he received the resignation of General Lee, and witnessed the pain it caused him. It was a sad blow to the success of that war, in which his own sword had as yet been unsheathed. Much as General Scott regretted it, he never failed to say that he was convinced that Lee had taken that step from an imperative sense of duty. General Scott was consoled in a great measure by the reflection that he would have as his opponent a soldier worthy of every man's esteem, and one who would conduct the war upon the strictest rules of civilized warfare. There would be no outrages committed upon private persons or property which he could prevent."

A prominent banker of New York, who was very intimate with General Scott, gave me a number of incidents illustrating Scott's high opinion of Lee. On one occasion, a short time before the war, this gentleman asked him, in the course of a private interview:

"General, whom do you regard as the greatest living soldier?"

General Scott at once replied: "Colonel Robert E. Lee is not only the greatest soldier of America, but the greatest soldier now living in the world. This is my deliberate conviction, from a full knowledge of his extraordinary abilities, and if the occasion ever arises, Lee will win this place in the estimation of the whole world."

The General then went into a detailed sketch of Lee's services and a statement of his ability as an engineer, and his capacity not only to plan campaigns, but also to command large armies in the field, and concluded by saying: "I tell you, sir, that Robert

E. Lee is the greatest soldier now living, and if he ever gets the opportunity, he will prove himself the greatest captain of history."

In May, 1861, this gentleman and another obtained a passport from General Scott to go to Richmond, to see if they could do anything to promote pacification. In the course of the interview, General Scott spoke in the highest terms of Lee as a soldier and a man, stated that he had rejected the supreme command of the United States army, and expressed his confidence that Lee would do everything in his power to avert war, and would, if a conflict came, conduct it on the highest principles of Christian civilization. He cheerfully granted the passport and said: "Yes, go and see Robert Lee. Tell him for me that we must have no war, but that we must avert a conflict of arms until the sober second thought of the people can stop the mad schemes of the politicians."

In the interview which these gentlemen had with General Lee, he most cordially reciprocated the kindly feelings of General Scott, and expressed his ardent desire to avert a war, and his willingness to do anything in his power to bring about a settlement of the difficulties. But he expressed the fear that the passions of the people

North and South had been too much aroused to yield to pacific measures, and that every effort at a peaceful solution would prove futile. Alluding to Mr. Seward's boast that he would conquer the South in "ninety days," and to the confident assertions of some of the Southern politicians that the war would be a very short one, General Lee said with a good deal of feeling:

"They do not know what they say. If it comes to a conflict of arms, the war will last at least four years. Northern politicians do not appreciate the determination and pluck of the South, and Southern politicians do not appreciate the numbers, resources, and patient perseverance of the North. Both sides forget that we are all Americans, and that it must be a terrible struggle if it comes to war. Tell General Scott that we must do all we can to avert war, and if it comes to the worst we must then do everything in our power to mitigate its evils."

Alas! that the wishes and aspirations of these two great soldiers could not have been realized. Men will differ as to whether Scott or Lee was right in the course which each thought proper to pursue on the great question which alone ever divided them, but all must admire that pure friendship which neither time nor circumstances could break.



## THE IDEAL THE NEED OF THE PEOPLE.

BY JOHN PHELPS FRUIT.

It is by the real that we exist; it is by the ideal that we live. Would you realize the difference? Animals exist, man lives.

Literature secretes civilization, poetry secretes the ideal. That is why literature is one of the wants of societies; that is why poetry is a hunger of the soul.—*Victor Hugo.*

IN a recent retrospect of the past year from a literary standpoint,<sup>(1)</sup> a writer finds little in poetry worthy of mention. He includes nine names, in the list for 1893, who have published creditable volumes, but says "all are minor poets, and the contrast between 1892 and 1893 is marked." "The novelists," he says further, "have been as busy as ever during the past year, but nothing very startling is to be found among their productions." In other lines embracing literature, written not for the people, there is a better showing.

Why this decadence in literature for the people; particularly in poetry? Evidently because of our excessive interest in the material progress of the age. The splendid achievements of invention and scientific discovery have disenchanted the human mind. The great problem now is to restore to the soul of the people something of the ideal.

Our epoch is in thralldom to a utilitarianism so jealous and tyrannical as practically to expel the poets from the republic. Mr. Stedman, in his "Victorian Poets," speaks of the period as one of scientific iconoclasm. A brilliant scientific discovery is more overpowering than an admirable poem. There has been created a thirst for more facts. He says: "The Victorian poets have flourished in an equatorial region of common sense and demonstrable knowledge. Thought has outlived its childhood, yet has not reached a growth from which experience and reason lead to visions more radiant than the early intuitions. The zone of youthful fancy, excited by unquestioning acceptance of outward phenomena, is now well passed; the zone of cultured imagi-

nation is still beyond us. At present, scepticism, analysis, scientific conquest, realism, scornful unrest. Apollo has left the heavens. The modern child knows more than the sage of antiquity."

Instead of thinking the sun sinks to rest upon his "saffron-colored couch," the poet of to-day writes:

There sinks the nebulous star we call the sun,  
If that hypothesis of theirs be sound.

This fairly represents the embarrassment of the idealists of the present.

There is no need to discuss the special aspects of this restriction of ideality, such as the influence of journalism; the influence of critical scholarship; the influence of material comfort, and so on. These are but specific results of our surrender to the spirit of the period.

It has been declared of late that ideality will be so effectually throttled that we shall have no more poetry. It would be calamitous to repeat the opinion at this time, in the face of the record of 1893, showing a tendency towards the verification of the statement, did we not know that the law of rhythm—ebb and flow—holds sway in the realm of literature as surely as elsewhere, and therefore a decadence in poetry means a renaissance.

It is this fact, perhaps, that assured Mr. Stedman that we could esteem this a transition period, and that ahead of this we might expect to be on the crest of the wave again.

What is the use of expecting or waiting for the harmony of science and poetry to solve this problem? When science gives *real* value to facts and poetry *ideal* values, how soon may we expect them to be joined in sweet fellowship?

(1) The Dial, Vol. XVI, No. 181.

When are we to have a renaissance of the ideal? Whenever the human mind can be led to disdain more the real or intrinsic values of things, and be induced to look through facts to ideal significations.

Is it a difficult thing to use facts as symbols? Let us see. When we look at the evening star, instead of recalling all that astronomy tells us about Venus, cannot we enjoy more saying with Blake:

Thou fair-haired angel of the evening,  
Now whilst the sun rests on the mountains,  
light  
Thy bright torch of love—thy radiant crown  
Put on, and smile on our evening bed!  
Smile on our loves; and while thou drawest  
the  
Blue curtains of the sky, scatter thy silver  
dew  
On every flower that shuts its sweet eyes  
In timely sleep.

So long as the human heart is alive, and there are roses, and the sweet breath of spring, and sunshine, and moonlight, and twinkling stars, and all the rich and infinitely various embroidery which Nature weaves for Deity to wear, so long will there be poetry.

The absence of the ideal in its power from the poets—"God's prophets of the Beautiful"—indicates a more woeful lack of it in that great majority, the people; for those who think most effectively lead the masses. How is it to-day? The ideal man, to the people, is a broker, and, of course, the ideal property consists of stocks and bonds, and

Gold! gold! gold! gold!  
Good or bad a thousand-fold!

How much better it would be to think with Lowell of the "Dandelion":

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the  
way,  
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold.  
Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish  
prow  
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,  
Nor wrinkled the lean brow  
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease.

If we only had "the hearts to understand, to take it at God's value," it is wealth that cannot be matched in "the rich earth's ample round!"

Before suggesting how to bring back the ideal to the people—not to supplant the real by the ideal, but to enhance the actual by the beautiful—it seems fit to take just a glance at the people under the present régime.

In the great sweep of progress, the division of labor has become so minute that the laborer has become a machine, and therewith has become less intelligent. What, besides the pittance he toils for, is offered to him direct or in prospect, that tends to develop the aptitudes for the ideal values of things? For every man with an imagination has the art instincts. The newspapers which he reads pander wholly to the utilitarian taste of the masses, and he finds very little in them to minister to a natural hungering for something better than the actual life he is living. The newspaper is the eye through which he looks out from his narrow confines upon the broad world, and the things that oftenest challenge his admiration are fast horses or noted pugilists, or the morbid feats of a disappointed humanity.

How shall we recall the exorcised spirit of the beautiful to the bosoms of men? By throwing the "Olympian bards" into the deep soul of the people. "Poetry evolves heroism." Michael Angelo said that when he read Homer he looked to see if he were not twenty feet in height. Poetry furnishes the stuff out of which uplifting ideals are formed.

But who shall do this work? The university extension movement was organized several years ago with the high and beneficent purpose of offering university instruction to the people. The success has not fulfilled the hopes of the least sanguine. Why? Because it too is under the ban of utilitarianism. Examine the several courses of lectures—the syllabi of the lectures—and you will find that they are, nearly all, didactic in method, and thoroughly utilitarian with reference to results. There is no fault to be found, however, the end being instruction; it must be didactic and practical in results. But the people to whom they design to take this university instruction are,

and have been, burdened with the practical questions of living until they are sick of the practical side of life.

They want the instruction that will keep them in actual living, but they need *first* something that is inspiring, something that gives new and different values to the facts that face them in their work-a-day world. Didacticism is not welcome to the mind and body already worn out on the rack of daily drudgery. They are not in the humor for the schoolmaster; they want a singer of "divine ideas" to make them young and strong, and keep them so. They are athirst for the recreating power of harmony that is found in the products of creative imaginations.

The first thing, then, for the university extension movement is to rejuvenate the people by restoring the ideal, thus preparing them for the more unpalatable food of didactics. The people are sick and need not more "bacon and greens" and corn-bread, but more of the delicacies. They need not more

of that which makes brawn, but more of that which makes sentiment.

It is not enough to say "The people can procure the great poets, each for a mere song; let them read them." These "only truth-tellers" must be interpreted to the people. Their quickening thoughts ride more effectively into their minds on the tide of a personal interpreter's enthusiasm. You can pour Shakspere, with less waste, into one mind from another mind than from a book.

Let the university extension lecturers become interpreters of the poets to the people. Few of the people are prepared to make the most of what they offer in their lectures, but all the people are prepared, and eager, for the ideal that is to be found in poetry.

Every teacher, therefore, who becomes an interpreter of the poets to the people, ordains himself a forerunner of a great salvation, and lends himself to usher in a glorious epoch in literature.





## BOMBARDMENTS.

### THE LAST GREAT BATTLE OF THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

BY DABNEY H. MAURY.



General Dabney H. Maury.

**B**OMBARDMENTS are very terrifying, but small arms do the killing. During the bombardment of Fredericksburg only one citizen of the town was killed. He was a portly gentleman by the name of Blaydes, who conducted a grocery business and had peculiar views of the dimensions of the earth. For, once, when denouncing a rival dealer for advertising "Fine West Indian Sugars," the old man declared they were not West Indian sugars at all, but that he had it on good authority that the West Indian negroes paddle over in their canoes at night to the East Indies, load up with an inferior article, and sell it next day as West Indian sugar. One of Burnside's bombshells burst up old Blaydes, and ended his speculations in sugar and geography.

Vicksburg was often under bombardment during two years, and prior to the siege only two persons were killed. Shells were thrown into Charlestown during the whole period of the war, but only a few persons were fatally hurt.

Betor's fleet of fifty men-of-war bombarded Fort Fisher all day on Christmas eve and all day on Christmas day, 1864, throwing into the place ten thousand projectiles and killing three Confederates!

Marshal Bazaine's statement that 50,000 of his soldiers were struck by missiles of the enemy during the siege of Metz is incredible.

If Sarah Bernhardt was so much impressed by the recent shelling of Rio Janeiro, what would she have felt could she have witnessed the bombardment of Fort Morgan by Farragut? For twelve days and nights the firing was kept up; at times three hundred great guns were incessantly firing, except when they ceased action to rest the men and cool the pieces. Often the roar was a deep, incessant one—no interval appreciable between the discharges. To us, who were in the city of Mobile, thirty miles and more away, the suspense was terrible. We could learn nothing of the fate of brave General Page and his garrison. We could hear by day or by night only this persistent cannonade. For Granger's corps lay across Sand Spit, upon which Fort Morgan stands, and Farragut's fleet barred the way by water. One or two daring fellows tried to pass around the pickets to and from the forts, by wading out into the surf, but in every instance they were intercepted; and only when the firing ceased did we know the fate of the fort. General Page surrendered only when every gun had become unserviceable and his magazine was in imminent danger of explosion. I do not think half a dozen men were killed.

A great deal has been said about Farragut's posting himself in the rigging of his ship while fighting the fort. Evidently that was the safest and best place to be in at that time. The ships were not over four or five hundred yards from the forts and all of our guns were directed against the hulls and not the rigging. Farragut's courage was beyond question by friend or foe, and his duty was to be where he could most wisely direct the great work on hand.

That the deck was no place for the admiral then, was proven by the fact that one hundred and thirty of his people were killed and wounded by the shots and splinters.

Some months before Farragut entered Mobile Bay and captured the forts, he made an effort to get into that bay by Grant's Pass, a channel which flows into the bay from Mississippi Sound. This would have placed him between the city and the forts, which, being thus cut off from supplies, must have surrendered without a fight. Grant's Pass had been defended by a little sand fort built upon the shoal at the edge of the pass. This was called Fort Powell. It mounted eight fine guns—Brooke guns—ten-inch and eight-inch rifles. Farragut brought a fleet of twelve bomb-catches into the sound and bombarded Fort Powell for about twelve days. No harm was done to the work, and only one man was killed, who, against orders, exposed himself on top of the bomb-proof of the fort. One or two of the vessels were sunk.

But in all the history of war the defense of Fort Sumter will ever stand the most memorable. For four years that Confederate fortress was under almost incessant bombardment by the heaviest artillery in the world. The Rev. John Johnston, now rector of a church in Charleston, was major of engineers in the fort. He tells us that during the last two years of the war over 46,000 cannon-shot and shells were thrown into the work. Every gun was dismounted, and the whole fort became a disintegrated mass of brick and mortar; but the flag still flew, and every assault was repulsed. The garrison, with sand-bags, and by other means, completely restored the defenses, made it stronger than ever, and continued to the end to defy the enemy. During those two years of bombardment the flag was cut down twenty-two times, and instantly restored every time by some gallant fellow who leaped upon the parapet, repaired the injury under heavy fire, waved his hat to the enemy, and leaped down to his comrades. I think in one instance he was occupied nearly twenty minutes in this position

of fearful exposure. Yet in all this extraordinary bombardment only fifty-two men were killed—about one for every one thousand shot.

I met General Beauregard after reading this history, and he told me that Major Johnston had told only half of the story, and that he had sent thirty-eight flags to replace those shot away during the four years of that defense. The garrison of Fort Sumter declined to be relieved by any other troops, until, upon the end of all things, under the orders of their chief, the First Carolina Regulars for the first time lowered their flag and furled it forever.

The battle of Mobile was interesting as the last great battle of the war between the States. It showed the attainment that had been made in the arts of attack and defense by the Confederate and Federal forces during four years of incessant conflict. About March 20, 1865, General Canby moved cautiously, with two corps of infantry and a siege train, from Fish River toward the works about Spanish Fort. About the same time General Steele moved one division of his corps from Pensacola towards Blakeley; the other division joined General Canby.

The battery of Spanish Fort consisted of six heavy rifles, which commanded the approach to Mobile by the Appalachee River. A line of field-works occupied the high grounds overlooking and commanding the heavy battery, sweeping from the river, upon its right, round to the marsh which lay upon its left, and consisted of three redoubts, each mounting eight field-pieces, and a line of light rifle-pits commanding them. The entire extent of the line was about one thousand eight hundred yards. The garrison averaged about two thousand three hundred men. Along the front was a line of abatis, also lines of telegraph wires stretched from stout stakes about knee-high. There were also lines of sub-terra shells, so concealed that the enemy could only find them when they trod upon and exploded them. Beyond all this were more advanced rifle-pits, each occupied by two or three riflemen, each one of whom was equipped with a light frame of a

casemate, in the shape of an embrasure, made with half-inch boards. This latter was a capital contrivance of General Beauregard. Each sharpshooter took one of these frames with him when he went to his pit at night. He took also at the same time seven sand-bags, which he filled when in his pit. Placing three of them along the top of his embrasure, two on each side, he was quite securely fixed for work at daylight. He had an embrasure two inches wide for his gun to peep through, and full wide enough in rear for his head and shoulders. The old soldiers of the army of Tennessee rejoiced in these casemates, so much safer than head-logs.

One day, several weeks before the attack, while walking through an old storehouse in Mobile with Colonel Burnett, we came upon a pile of sheets of steel about half an inch thick and two or three feet wide. Burnett at once recognized the very thing for mantelets, about which we had been much exercised. Cut into squares of about three feet and affixed to the check-pieces by hinges, when fastened up by hooks at an inclination of about forty-five degrees, these closed the embrasure against every shot and proved of infinite service. During two or three weeks of constant action, not a cannoneer was struck by the bullets which were ringing all day upon these sheets of steel until they were plastered thick with the lead of the glancing balls.

Colonel Burnett had also several dozen of cohorn mortars cast in the foundries of Mobile, and a number of large wooden mortars were made of gun-stumps, lined with sheet-iron hoops. These could be used with light charges when the enemy got close up. The cohorns were of great service then; they were very easy to load, and could be readily moved from one place to another as emergency demanded.

When the attack began the marsh covering our left was impassable. A bridge about four feet wide and a mile long was built across it to the river, where thirty-five or forty large yawls had been collected, in which to draw off the garrison. On the 8th of April, in

conference on the spot, it had been decided by the commanding general to withdraw the garrison upon the night of the 12th, as the enemy could not spring his mines before that time. But, at 10 p. m. on Saturday, the 8th of April, Gibson telegraphed that his route of retreat was threatened and he was ordered to withdraw at once.

The troops marched off in splendid condition. They knew, as they said, they had "made a bully fight," and were glad enough to get to clean clothes and a square meal.

The casualties had been few, only fifteen to twenty daily, almost all from rifles. A lamentable loss was that of Colonel Wm. E. Burnett, son of the first president of Texas, and an officer of extraordinary ability and courage. His modesty exceeded his valor. Passing along the line held by a Texas regiment, he was cautioned to avoid a certain slit under a head-log, through which several men had been shot by a sharpshooter. Taking a rifle, he was in the act of firing when he received a Federal ball through his forehead, and died unconscious in a few hours.

One day, while we were going around the lines, we had occasion to see the practical value of these little mortars. Lieutenant Challeron, of the Washington artillery, called attention to a rifle-pit of the enemy, from which two riflemen had been keeping up an annoying fire, saying, "I'll try and dislodge those fellows." Challeron placed his cohorn in good position with his own hand, charged and aimed it. The twelve-pound shell fell fairly in the pit, exploded instantly, and all we ever again saw of the riflemen were fragments of clothing, etc., which flew high into the air. No more rifle-shots came from the pit. Challeron is now Colonel Challeron, an elegant representative of the Creole Confederate of Louisiana.

Some time before the battle of Mobile, a Texan brigade of cavalry—Ross', I believe—was operating along the Yazoo River. One morning a Federal gunboat was anchored in the middle of the river. The Arkansas battery of four guns was serving with the brigade. The commander placed

two guns below and two above the gunboat, at easy canister range, and opened fire. A few rounds cleared the deck of every man and the ship surrendered. The boats had all been smashed by the fire, and there were no boats upon the shore; so the sergeant and twelve men of the battery stripped off and swam out to the ship, clambered aboard, and, naked as they were, received the surrender. In the ship's armament were six twenty-four pounder bronze howitzers, which were sent overland to me, and were part of the armament of the works of Spanish Fort.

Upon the morning of Canby's investment of my works, I was standing on the bomb-proof of Battery MacDermot, upon the extreme right of my line, when a Federal regiment came up in line of investment, distant about eight hundred yards. I ordered a gunner to try his twenty-four pounder with shrapnel upon that line. Not liking his aim of the gun, I jumped down and had it changed till it bore upon the regimental colors, then stepped back and commanded fire; the shell flew straight at the flag and exploded in its front. Down went the colors and several files upon each side, all of whom must have been killed or severely wounded, for we did not see any of them rise again. It was the only time I had aimed a cannon since at West Point, when practicing at the water-battery, Archy Batts. Then I had aimed a forty-two-pounder at a sloop anchored one hundred yards or so from the target. The shot passed just above her deck; the skipper got up anchor and sail, and somehow we were not reported.

General Gibson offered twenty-four hours leave of absence to every man who would pick up a certain weight of leaden bullets thrown by the enemy. It was amusing to note the alertness of the men in securing these. So soon as one whistled by and struck in the sand it was pounced upon by one of these collectors, not a few of whom secured furloughs. Gibson was sharply wounded but suppressed the report of it.

At first the fleet attempted to take part in the attack, and throw a few shot at long range into the works, but so many gunboats were sunk by torpedoes that they took no further part in the attack. Nine Federal gunboats were sunk in one week.

During the first week the general commanding could run over daily in his steamer to the forts, but after the enemy planted an eight-gun Parrot battery upon the bluff commanding the river, the steamer hove to beyond range and the general had the exciting experience of running the gauntlet for four or five miles under the incessant fire of the battery in his four-oared gig. It is hard to hit a boat running eight or nine miles an hour. I used to wish myself anywhere I had ever been than in that gig, and it seemed strange that the young officers were such eager competitors for seats in it then. God knows I wished often that they had mine; but *noblesse oblige*, I had to go, and to look cheerful, too, but it was a sorry cheerfulness.

One of these youngsters, young White of Louisiana, was made Cleveland's choice lately for the Supreme Court of the United States. I did not see any promise of such wisdom in his eagerness to go down the Appalachee in that gig with me.

The crew of my gig were Kentuckians—part of the crew of the eight-oared launch of Battery Gladden. I never knew how they had become such expert boatmen. They beat all of the navy boats in the boat races. There's a sort of general fastness in those Blue-grass people, I think.

The morning Farragut ran his fleet into Mobile Bay, the garrison were interested in observing a little blockade-runner coming in as if the way was all clear. She hove to at the wharf and the dapper little side-whiskered English captain reported his arrival with the steamer Red Gauntlet to old General Page, who, looking down upon him, said:

"When you cleared for this port, sir, did you know there were two and twenty Yankee gunboats lying off here?"

"Oh, dear me! Yes! They said five and forty, but if you keep a-running they can't 'it you."

The "sang froid" acquired by these veterans of the Western armies was very remarkable. One day, during the height of the bombardment of Spanish Fort, I was passing along a roadway upon the brink of the Appalachee, which was sheltered from fire by a little bluff of some twelve feet high, when my attention was attracted by a group of a dozen or more infantrymen who were intently observing the operations of one of their number, who, seated at a little table, was busily at work with a set of silversmiths' tools. The throng of comrades about him had found each a silver dime which he was fashioning deftly into a cross, or a heart, or some other emblem of affection for a dear one at home. Ten feet above their heads swept a storm of missiles of every destructive sort and size. But they were all unconscious of everything except the gentle work before them. The humming of the missiles about their heads had been their daily music for four years.

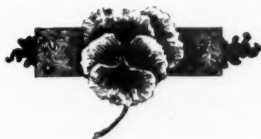
Ector's Texan Brigade formed part of the garrison of Spanish Fort. They were from northeastern Texas, where they were organized as cavalry. But when the Army of the West came over to this side of the Mississippi, this brigade reluctantly dismounted, left their horses on the west side, and had been actively serving as infantry ever since. They were ill-clad, too, for it so happened that clothing intended for them was issued to other troops on every occasion. Just before the fighting about Mobile, when General Joe Johnston reviewed my army, at the head came

Ector's Texans, and a bare-footed captain, with ragged fringe to his old trousers, stepped proudly in front of his company with their tattered uniforms and bright rifles. They were well up in every trick of war. It was they who blazed the route over the marsh under Captain Tourmer—now a bank cashier of Norfolk—by which our troops made their way to Blakeley.

One day, when a Yankee sharpshooter had climbed to the topmost branches of a great tree, whence, shrouded in the Spanish moss, he could hit a man in the works held by Slocum's battery, two of Ector's men went gunning for him, made their way along the edge of the marsh till in squirrel range of the gentleman, who, at the first crack of the Texan's rifle, came tumbling down, to shoot never more.

On April 12th, we fired our last shots at the enemy, then marched in fine order out of Mobile towards Meridian, where we were paroled May 14, 1865.

When we began fighting at Mobile, the whole effective force of the Confederates was eight thousand five hundred. After Blakeley fell I had only four thousand five hundred effectives left—too few to defend the city. With these organized into three brigades, I retired to Meridian, where we learned of Lee's surrender, Johnston's capitulation, President Davis' capture, and the end of all things. On the 14th of May, 1865, we were paroled. For over three weeks we had been engaged with Canby and the fleet. Canby had three corps of infantry, a large field train—over fifty thousand men in all. The fleet could do but little harm to us.







## COMMENT AND CRITICISM.

NOTE.—Brief comments on timely topics of social, economic, or non-partisan political questions, as well as criticism of current literature, art, and science, are desired for this department.—EDITOR.

### A Little Free Speech.

A free press, in a free country, ought (now and then, say) to grant a little free speech to its editors and writers—to them without whom it would have nothing at all to print and publish. Yet it is a curious and humiliating fact that authors, contributors, correspondents, and editors, too, for the most part, are in effect the mere amanuenses of owners, publishers, and other dictators of the press. Editors, to be sure, are sometimes independent and free enough; but, in the general, they know very well that they have to follow certain lines and keep within strictly prescribed limits, or be sternly and promptly deposed by the powers behind them. In any case, they themselves exercise a despotic censorship over all matter tendered by their contributors of every kind. The only man who has a free press is he who owns it, or otherwise has practical control of it—a paradox in terms, yet none the less a truth.

In vain do governments and laws withhold their restraining and repressive hands, while the absolute rulers of publication (call them by what title you will) ruthlessly enforce a censorship—ay, a suppression—that only allows what they like to see the light. Men who do not write, and who often can neither write nor think, really in the main, dictate to our writers and thinkers. In fact, we seem to be rapidly returning to the old style, when kings, disdainful of chirography, made their sign and seal, and when the “clerk” was ranked in the house with other menials. And this tendency is aided largely by stenography, typewriting,

etc., particularly where the “clerk” is expected and required to amplify and embellish the bare and rough suggestions given him. It cannot be denied, however, that writers are themselves to some extent responsible, in a secondary way, for this condition of things. Their competition, their too ready complaisance, their servile pondering, no doubt, have much to do in making and maintaining the situation as we find it, and they could, by a united and resolute assertion of self-respect and independence, become masters instead of remaining slaves. But there would and could be no slaves if there were no tyrants; and slaves very rarely free themselves. It is also to be said that that is hardly a free press which does not publish what it pleases to, and has to publish what it disapproves. *Medio tutissimus ibis.* An enlightened liberality is all that writers should ask or expect; and this they should have, even if, like other workmen, they must establish unions and go on strikes, or set up coöperative publishing houses of their own.

Beyond all this, we have a grammar of thought as well as expression, and it is treated as equal vulgarism (or worse) to offend against the former as the latter. Everywhere are warnings to “Keep off the grass.” We must keep the roadway—the paved or beaten track. Even in fiction we have dogmatic forms and processes that must be observed, or departed from, under penalty. He only excels who most faithfully and dexterously cuts the desired or formulated pigeon-wings. Or we have an allowance of hop-skip-and-jump—in which, at regular intervals



(*apropos* of nothing at all), there must be descriptive or analytical or hypothetical disquisition. Even in our negro dialect, certain set orthographical models must be followed, although the resulting language would be all Greek, if read aloud, or spoken, to any negro south of the Potomac. And so on, in every department of thought, imagination and fancy, we find the fashion fixed (temporarily, at least) in stuffs and patterns by which we must abide, until the fashion brings on some change in stuffs and patterns. If that were all—but, bless you, as if at sea, the latitude and longitude must be taken daily; for what is all right here, is *taboo* there. The result is that we have no spontaneous and natural literature, in the true sense. We are too much cabined, cribbed, confined. All is artificial, and very little is at all artistic. No man gives forth his real inner conception and inspiration; for he knows that that is not admitted into print. Worse still: by this suppression and repression it comes that the world does not know one-half it ought to know and otherwise would know, and is not half so wise in anything as it should be. Neither thought nor speech is free; and hence the lame and fettered progress we make.

After all, we can stand the greater evils better than we can the smaller ones, and it was these smaller ones that it was the original design of this article to speak of, in behalf of that very small and humble class of contributors, who are not yet millionaires (as most writers *are*, you know), and who are their own secretaries, amanuenses, type-writers, etc. In the first place (if one may speak freely) there is the discrimination in postage against manuscript, made by our government, *which imposes letter-rates upon it*, while it carries *other* merchandise at half the charge, transports printed matter for publishers at one cent a pound, and conveys any published trash for anybody at the rate of one cent for every four ounces, or one-eighth of the rate on manuscripts. This is attacking literature at its very source, albeit it has been whispered that the onerous tax

was suggested by certain publishers *to discourage contributions!*

Moreover, where an article is unsolicited or unengaged, the writer has to enclose return postage, or lose his manuscript if not accepted, publishers having notified him to that effect. Nor is that all, for in some cases, where full return postage is forwarded with the manuscript, it is returned to him with only one rate prepaid, and he has to pay again the greater portion of the postage.

The long waiting for the publication of accepted articles is often very trying to one's patience; but this cannot always be a just ground for complaint against either publishers or editors, as every schedule of publication, no matter how fairly made, is always necessarily subject to contingencies; and when a programme is to be changed to make room for other matter of immediate urgency (from a business or other point of view), every contributor must take his chances to have his article in or left over. But the long waiting to know whether articles are acceptable or not, available or not, is often the fault of the editors, and sometimes of the publishers. Having a due regard to the fact that contributions are usually quite numerous, no writer can object to a reasonable delay in the announcement of decisions; but when lazy or neglectful editors and their assistants hold manuscripts for many months (or even years), and make no sign, authors may well become impatient and irritated. In these cases the option given the publishers is abused, and the writers (if their articles are not accepted) are improperly deprived of opportunities for acceptance and publication elsewhere. It is actually the fact that some publishers and editors, who promptly return matter they do not want, keep indefinitely the matter they do want, or think they may want without giving the authors any further satisfaction than perhaps a brief notice that if they desire their manuscript returned to say so. Some publications often say nothing till they print your matter, and then even send you no notification, nor a copy of the issue containing your work, leaving you to your own devices to discover

that it has been published. It is true that some of these publications pay you all the same, but some do not, unless you press them (if you happen to learn they have used your matter), and some hold firmly to the creed of "Pistol":

Base is the slave that pays!

Again, when manuscripts are rejected and returned, they are frequently so defaced and marred as to be wholly unavailable for sending elsewhere. Sometimes the sheets are rolled up, with uneven ends, and have dog-eared corners and frayed edges. Oftener they are marked with this, that, and the other; and, rarely, they have evidently been prepared for the hands of the printer, but are returned in resentment of a polite inquiry.

Now, it may be said that only the lower sort of publications permit any one offering them matter to be treated

as in some of the instances stated. But that is not true. And if it were, it would be very difficult to decide where the line should be drawn as between higher and lower in this matter. Some exceptionally able, or exceptionally lucky writers are the recipients of every consideration and courtesy from all publishers of every degree. It is not in behalf of these exceptional ladies and gentlemen that these paragraphs are written. And perhaps, after all, much of what is here complained of—as well as much more that could be recited—is due rather to careless and thoughtless clerks or assistants (who are often mere boys or girls) than to publishers and editors, who may here learn for the first time—if they read this plea—what improper things are done in their name. At any rate, these grievances are real, and should be redressed.

*William Cecil Elam.*





Beware of those who are homeless from choice.

THAT the movements headed by Coxey and his imitators mean enough to merit and demand something more than the attention which has heretofore been given them, merely out of curiosity, is becoming pretty generally understood. That their consequences, as well as their causes, must be closely observed, and, so far as possible, be provided for, will soon be seriously realized. It is with the consequences, indeed, rather than with the causes, that we shall be more painfully concerned.

The causes which have induced these ominous and seemingly eccentric manifestations of unrest and discontent, are neither novel nor hard to discover; they are as old as humanity, and as familiar as the methods by which human nature has so often before expressed its protest against the destiny which condemns the larger portion of the race to poverty and privation. While these methods of seeking relief may be, and we believe are the most unreasonable imaginable, the motives which suggest them are easily discerned and perfectly intelligible. The population of this country has grown in the last two or three decades with a rapidity which has been abnormal and unhealthy. The numerical increase which might with safety, and without discomfort, have kept pace with the development of the continent during three or four generations has been crowded into one. A feverish spirit of enterprise which has served to accumulate a vast amount of

capital in individual hands, but has not so well contributed to build up the national wealth, or to produce a general and stable prosperity, has rather suddenly reached the limit of its action. For the present, at least, it is exhausted—we hope not paralyzed—and the industrial activity it evoked is suspended. Vast numbers of men who, while capital was productive and the industries were in motion, could earn a subsistence but could make little provision for a period when wages might cease, have been thrown out of employment. Many others who were never regularly at work, but who were maintained by the good-natured charity, which, during flush times, gives aid to the indolent and unfortunate alike, have been hard pressed to find the “crust and sop” on which they manage to live.

The agricultural interests of this country have had an experience very similar to those of the manufacturing; and the laboring population, which they maintain, has been equally distressed. Just as industrial production was for a time increased beyond the needs of consumers, and then industrial effort was suddenly stopped, depriving a multitude of laborers of the means of support, so vast tracts of Western land were settled and brought into cultivation with marvelous celerity; and in the intense competition which ensued between agricultural products, the proprietors of the higher priced lands went to the wall. When the Dakotas became one huge wheat-field, the Kansas farmers sank under the load of their mortgages; so it has been going on

everywhere and in every domain of production.

To what extent legislation has contributed to induce or to aggravate these evils, we will not stop to inquire. That inquiry always breeds endless and unprofitable controversy; and with a universal recognition of the threatening conditions which surround us, it will be more useful to consider what legislation, if any, may remedy them than that which aided to create them.

Of course, any sort of remedial policy will be difficult of accomplishment, and can, at least, be carried only partially into effect. As regards any benefit legislation may afford, we can only say that it has been abundantly shown, we think, that bad laws are infinitely more potent for harm than the best and wisest laws are efficient for good. We subscribe heartily to the tenets of that school which entertains no superstitious belief in the efficacy of legislation, and expects very little affirmative relief from its operation. There are some social ills which legislative enactment cannot reach, which, at any rate, it is powerless to remove or, in any great degree, to correct. Statutes cannot alter the nature of man, nor change or modify the forces of nature. Legislation cannot cause the rain to descend nor the crops to grow; it cannot create wealth and prosperity—however fondly we may believe so—neither can it avert—much as it is to be deplored—the unequal distribution of wealth. The utmost and best we can justly expect of it is that it shall prevent anything very bad from being done; that—taking into account the average intelligence and virtue of the people for whom it is made, the conditions prevailing at the period when it is adopted, the existent factors of the community it is intended to affect—it may induce in some measure an enlightened and unselfish public conduct. We cannot avoid the belief that it is wasted effort to legislate in the hope of doing, in any positive and tangible way, “the greatest good to the greatest number,” but it is possible to legislate in such wise that the least injury shall be done to the greatest number.

Now we may anticipate as certainly as anything which experience and history has taught us to expect, the periodical occurrence of just such commercial and industrial crises as this country, and apparently the whole civilized world, is passing through now; and with each such period of business disaster and depression will recur its attendant incidents—employers in all trades and vocations harassed or ruined, employes thrown out of work, and widespread misfortune and want. The difficulty of preserving an equilibrium between population and production will, for ages at least, be as great as it is now. The problem of adjustment, as one outstrips the other, will continue to be as perplexing. The waste of labor and loss of material which must inevitably happen from time to time—when adjustment is not approximate, when over-production and unwise speculation are the order of the day—will be very difficult, perhaps impossible, to obviate. And whenever general retrenchment or general settlement becomes necessary—when a halt is called to take stock and post the books—there will again occur bankruptcy, stagnation, distress.

There is a certain class of oracular and dogmatic advisers, whose all-sufficient wisdom is of that kind which oppresses and fatigues, who are constantly telling us that the way to get rid of an evil is to remove the cause. That such suggestions are always theoretically and sometimes actually correct cannot be denied; but there is often a very wide gulf, impossible to cross, between suggestion and practice. “When are you going to settle this account?” asked a bill collector of a chronically impecunious individual. “Am I a prophet?” the gentleman aptly responded.

There are some causes which only Omnipotence can remove, and even when Omnipotence undertakes the matter time seems to be of the essence of the contract. It is not pleasant to indulge in merely truistic statement, but the speculative philosopher can be answered in no other way. Suggestions essentially utopian can be met

only by a repetition of plain, bottom facts and trite truths.

It will be necessary, in order to entirely remove the causes of the conditions we have been considering, to largely reconstitute society and almost reconstruct human nature. Nature does not endow all men with the same quantum of intelligence and industry, and even when they are equal in brains and energy equal opportunity is not always afforded them. That factor which we call "luck" enters appreciably into the struggle of human existence. A man may have capacity, and the will to use it, and lack the enterprise which sometimes makes opportunity; or, having all three such requisites to success, he may be disabled by some infirmity; or, if retaining full possession of his faculties, may never find it possible to do his best work because denied by circumstances access to the occupation for which he has a peculiar aptitude.

The theoretical social reformer insists that these considerations shall not be taken into account—they must be ignored, he urges, or overridden. Every man must be altruistic, whether originally built that way or not; he must concern himself as much about the welfare of every other man as about his own, and diligently seek to provide employment for all other men, securing each that sort of employment to which he is best adapted. He cannot be silenced by the suggestion—the truth and force of which everyone else thoroughly realizes—that this is asking too much of even generous and self-sacrificing men, and cannot be expected of ordinary humanity at all. He shuts his eyes to the salient fact that human nature has been in the beginning made selfish, probably with a view to the conservation of the race, and refuses to accept as any valid objection to his theory the historical fact that human experience has furnished nothing to sanction but every reason to reject it. He cannot be convinced that his sociological patents have had a fair trial, and is determined that they shall have it; and as a final resort, when the masses, whose condition he is honestly seeking

to alleviate, have been persistently deaf to his advice, he writes a novel. In the novel his theory works perfectly; its benefits and blessings are triumphantly demonstrated, and he makes converts, perhaps, in sufficient numbers to enable him to found an ideal community which shall meet once a week in a parlor.

But inasmuch as our modern civilization is unquestionably better than anything which the past has exhibited, as there has been a certain and manifest improvement in the very respects which seem now so alarming, we have a right to believe that remedial action of some kind shall be in a measure successful, and may be encouraged to attempt it. Although this tendency of population to press disastrously on the means of subsistence—to employ the Malthusian expression—be as inexorable as the law of gravitation, nevertheless there surely must be some mitigation, if not complete cure for the sorest evils it produces. The generation immediately succeeding the one in which Malthus uttered his gloomy predictions, believed that the danger he indicated would be amply averted by the vast increase of production which science and invention had made possible, and the better methods of transportation and distribution. In this way it was expected that the very rapidity in the growth of the world's population would serve to keep all employed, while productions would cheapen as they multiplied, and want and poverty would become things of tradition.

While such hope has not been fully, or even very largely realized, it has not proven altogether delusive. In the very hardest times not nearly so many people, in proportion to the whole population, are reduced to absolute destitution as often happened two or three generations ago in Great Britain and Western Europe; and even in America the percentage of such cases is doubtless smaller in our present population of sixty-five millions, than when we counted less than half that number. Probably no man could cite, of his own knowledge, a case of actual starvation in this country, and the terrible famines



of the past are unheard of to-day in civilized communities, except in Russia. The condition of the laboring classes in the periods of prosperity is certainly far better than it was even a generation since. They have more of the comforts of life than they enjoyed then, and luxuries then unknown to them. Nor while discontent is rife and demonstrative among the poor and the laboring classes, is it any more general and intense—except in America where we are just beginning to experience the inevitable effects of a dense population—than it has been in the previous history of mankind? It may be said, indeed, that it expresses itself in modes less fierce and perilous than formerly. Attempting no comparison of what we see now with the terrible incidents of the French Revolution—a convulsion too exceptional, perhaps, to be used for illustration—it may be claimed that the disorders which, in the past two decades, have accompanied the efforts of the wage-earners and the labor organizations to redress real or fancied wrongs, have not been so threatening and injurious to social peace and stability as such demonstrations had previously been, even in conservative England. A “strike” undertaken to bring individual or corporate owners of property to terms, even when accompanied by the usual inexcusable and futile menace and violence, is not yet so much to be feared or deplored as is an open, undisguised revolt against legal and governmental authority—one of the old fashioned, multitudinous riots in which a similar feeling used to find expression. The riot has no semblance of order and makes no pretense of respect for law. About the strike some such guise is thrown, which of itself imposes some restraint, and it is now generally recognized that, not only will all the power of the law be remorselessly directed against any attempt to make a strike successful by violence and trespass, but public sympathy is at once forfeited and public opinion arrayed against the strikers.

Human conduct is certain to adapt itself, in the course of time, to the teachings of experience; but experience is

occasionally misinterpreted and an impressive object lesson becomes necessary. Men are being educated much more rapidly and on broader lines now than was possible two or three generations since, and the processes of social and economic evolution are constantly stimulated into greater activity. In this may be found one of the main reasons of the mental disquietude and social dissatisfaction which excites so much apprehension. The popular mind passes so swiftly through successive phases of thought that the very friction causes heat and undue excitement.

But if there be cause for alarm lest this quick succession of ideas and tentative inclination bring dangerous theories into fashion, we may be consoled by the reflection that they are very likely to be just as quickly exploded; while we have reason to hope that the same impulse may suggest the adoption of methods which will serve to modify, and in a measure correct the baneful effects of the conditions whose periodical recurrence cannot be prevented. The strong, good sense, so really characteristic of the great mass of the American people, which has heretofore induced them to resist and rebuke the errors and excesses, in which illusive relief has been sought for the trials and hardships growing out of business depression, may be relied on to deal wisely with future dangers and difficulties. Having already rejected spurious remedies, we may with some confidence expect it to devise proper and efficient ones.

By means of the clearing-house system the banking institutions have been enabled to break the force of financial panics; perhaps by some similar device the alarm which hastens commercial disaster, and the doubt which prolongs it, may be avoided or diminished—provided always, that some politician, eager for a record, shall not secure its prohibition as a “pool” or a “combine.” Not much positive good can be hoped from legislation; but it can at least be prophylactic, and something will be gained if it shall not be directed to special, and diverted from general purposes.



The Coxey movement has behind it no very definite motive or intelligible meaning. While ostensibly something in the nature of the great Chartist agitation, which alarmed England in 1837, resembling it at least in the feature of attempting to compel legislative submission by an army of petitioners, it is far inferior, both in numerical strength and dignity of purpose. Indeed, neither reason nor sentiment can be discerned in this movement, or in the others for which it served as example. It could never have occurred, it is true, except in a period of industrial stagnation. The fact that many laboring men had been thrown out of employment was made the pretext for its inauguration; but very few, if any, real laboring men were enlisted in it. It seems to have been inspired by much the same sort of instinct which sometimes induces certain species of the lower animals to band together in unusual numbers and migrate. It is significant of the fact—and therein is its only claim to attention—that the tramps have found out that they can more easily obtain rations by herding in hundreds than by wandering about singly or in pairs. But as we may be sure that the experiment will be repeated, frequently perhaps, and on a constantly increasing scale, some quite inconvenient if not dangerous possibilities are suggested. If these gentry form organizations more or less persistent, and elect cranks rather bolder and more obstinate than Coxey and Brown as their leaders; if they throng the roads and infest the country after the fashion of the sturdy beggars of the middle ages, or eventually take arms, and from beggars become condottieri, they may make matters decidedly uncomfortable. How interesting it might prove if a numerous company of this ilk should encamp in the vicinity of a town or city, or in some abundant region, and demand a week's or month's supplies as the price of their abstinence from plunder, or as a bribe to move on? The thing is by no means incredible; indeed, if it is not sternly and forcibly prevented, it is very likely to happen. If sometime desperadoes and not bummers, merely, fill the ranks of these

black-mailing hosts, serious trouble may be apprehended.

Therefore, while every effort should be used to avert or alleviate the distress of which such manifestations are partial symptoms, no maudlin sentiment should be permitted to obstruct their prompt and positive repression, and no demagogic outcry against the necessary employment of governmental authority and police power to this end should be heeded.

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Nothing ought to be more weighed than the nature of books recommended by public authority. So recommended, they soon form the character of the age.

In the department of "Comment and Criticism" of this number will be found an article entitled "A Little Free Speech," wherein the writer, in very sprightly style, and not without a certain justness of criticism, severely takes to task "the owners, publishers, and other dictators of the press," and seeks to show that they have reduced to the condition of "mere amanuenses" "the authors, contributors, correspondents, and editors, too." He claims that the censorship, which governments have largely relinquished, is exercised with even more rigor by the publishers, who consign to oblivion everything which does not conform to their ideas of literary excellence, or fails in any respect to meet their approval, and exhibits, in the garb best adapted to catch the public eye, be it critical or uncritical, such productions as their imperious, even if fallacious, judgment may commend. So far as this may mean that publishers are averse to giving the public anything which does not suit the popular taste, it is unquestionably true, and this may be said with equal propriety of editors who are, as a rule, even more directly charged with that sort of responsibility. Publishers have their living to make, like other people, and can no more afford to pay for, and put upon the market, an unsalable article than can dealers in any other kind of merchandise. That they often make mistakes cannot be denied, but whatever else may be said of a man it will scarcely be suspected or alleged that

he will pay money for the privilege of making a mistake.

Furthermore, he would be a rash man indeed who would undertake to contend that the judgment of publishers and editors, in respect of simple literary merit, is infallible. They more painfully realize, than is possible for those subjected to no such ordeal, how difficult it is to decide justly or confidently in such matters, and feel very keenly the humiliating conviction that they are as often wrong as right. But what then? Somebody must decide; and to whom, in the nature of the case, can the decision be left, except to the publisher or the editor? The author, however, is always permitted his appeal to the public, if he is able to pay the costs of the appeal—he may publish at his own expense. Surely he cannot justly claim that it is a denial of justice—when his own good opinion of his work is not shared by those to whom it is submitted—to refuse him permission to publish in *forma pauperis*.

One complaint our writer makes is, we fear, not without foundation, and if well founded, no satisfactory answer can be made to it. "When lazy or neglectful editors hold manuscripts for many months, or even years, and make no sign, authors may well become impatient and irritated. In these cases the option given the publishers is abused, and the writers (if their articles are not accepted) are improperly deprived of opportunities for acceptance and publication elsewhere." This is true. Such conduct on the part of editor or publisher is a breach of the implied contract existing between them and the contributor, and is justly deserving of censure.

He makes another suggestion, also, which furnishes much food for reflection, and whoever will ponder it carefully will recognize, with some surprise, the prevalence of the mental habit to which he refers. After discussing what he esteems the somewhat "despotic" methods of selection, whereby publishers determine which and whose contributions shall be accepted, he goes on to say:

"Beyond all this we have a grammar of thought as well as of expression, and it is treated as equal vulgarity (or worse) to offend against the former as the latter. Everywhere are warnings to 'Keep off the grass.' We must keep the roadway—the paved or beaten track. Even in fiction we have dogmatic forms and processes that must be observed, or departed from, under penalties."

Here we have stated in a very clever way a truth that is not generally taken account of. Indeed, the statement will probably be rejected, at first glance, as inaccurate by the majority at least of those who read it. It is certain, nevertheless, that in literature as in the ordinary business of life, and even with those best informed already, and who are the most curious seekers of further information—those who flatter themselves that they are *par excellence* progressive and unconventional—this intellectual ultra-conservatism often obtains. It manifests itself in a sort of unconscious suspicion of ideas that have not been previously registered, a reluctance to even examine anything obtrusively novel, and a disposition to refuse it consideration if not presented in the logical form with which they are familiar, and accompanied by credentials they have been accustomed to accept as orthodox. Among less intelligent and less cultivated people this mental constitution often induces an almost incorrigible Bourbonism, so that we are now and again amazed at beholding, planted at intervals in the great domain of modern intellectual activity and progress, many little communities which are as tenacious as the Chinese of ancient habits of thought.

Every close observer of such matters must have been amused by the evident relish with which the average voter receives statements that have become very stale and monotonous. Your real and tried patriot, who faithfully attends the assemblages of his party, never really enjoys a stump-speech, especially if its burden be the tariff, until he has heard it forty or fifty times.

But this habit is only a perversion,

or rather an abuse of a very proper and ennobling sentiment. It is simply carrying too far the feeling of reverence for ancient truths and proven excellences; it is indulging the conservatism which, in due bounds, is the most beneficial factor in human affairs, to an excess which renders it obstructive. Really, when we come to think it over, a little of it may be salutary as an offset and balance to the rampant, idiotic crankism which will not "keep off the grass," when it should.

We have never lost occasion to proclaim our belief in the importance of purity and morality in literature, and we are just as absolutely convinced of the value of a judicious conservatism—one that shall compel the selection and encouragement of the most correct ideas and the best forms of expression—as an influence in its regulation. Without such influence in any department of thought or action, much of the energy given in it will be wasted, much effort misdirected. The chief charm of poetry and fiction is in their vivid and faithful reproduction of the things, the scenes, the sentiments we have best known and loved. We can

scarcely imagine ourselves taking any profound interest—other than that which curiosity might induce—in a story of the beings and events of another planet.

But our writer, we take it, is protesting against quite a different matter than the literary conservatism which must always be necessary. He is justly revolted at the horrid prevalence of the "fad," and the bad eminence given the mere literary pretender. There is too much of this latter, undoubtedly. A vast amount of the basest literary coin is given circulation, and its utterers, instead of having their ears clipped, are actually installed as a sort of literary police and invested with authority to arrest those who insist that the pure gold shall be current. We are in need, it can no longer be doubted—although we reluctantly admit it—of the old-time critic; literature would be better if we occasionally heard the swish of the lash which Wilson wielded, and it would be a wholesome example to have some peculiarly offensive offender broken on the wheel as Macaulay broke Mr. Robert Montgomery.



## BOOKS AND WRITERS.



Reuben T. Durrett in his Library.

OF the dauntless spirits who led the vanguard of civilization down the western slopes of the Alleghanies and followed the water courses into the "dark and bloody ground," no one is more capable to speak than Reuben T. Durrett, who writes of "The Romance of the Origin of Louisville" in the present number of this magazine.

Nature has been liberal in her gifts to him and has constructed him upon a generous plan, physically as well as mentally. Much above the medium height, with his massive head resting upon broad shoulders, his erect carriage and elasticity of movement deny the impeachment of age made by his seventy years and his snowy crown of hair and flowing white beard. Neither time nor use have deprived his bluish-gray eyes of aught of their brightness or zest of humor. Seated in his great, easy chair with the dark background of his books crowding the

shelving from floor to ceiling, his is a striking figure, and he seems fittingly to be crowning a youth of labor with an age of ease.

But while seeking leisure, Mr. Durrett has not lapsed into idleness; nor are his literary pursuits his only duties or interests. His vigorous intellect has touched life at many points, and he has contributed to the progress of a modern city while engaged in his leisure moments in the study and writing of its small beginnings. He must be exempted from the sweeping denial of business capacity to that class stigmatized by a modern senator as "them literary fellers," with the prefix of an adjective carrying further condemnation. As trustee, director, vice-president, or president, he is connected with various corporations in his native city, and several charitable organizations claim his time and purse.

Mr. Durrett is a native Kentuckian,

and it therefore seems almost superfluous to say that he has always taken an active interest in public affairs, although he has not sought nor held political office. As editor of the "Courier" (1857-9) he took a leading part against the "Know-Nothing" craze, in that controversy being pitted against no less notable an adversary than George D. Prentice.

A graduate of Brown University, in 1849, his education has broadened by study, research, and travel. His accomplishments as a linguist include a familiarity with Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, and German. For thirty years he held a leading position as lawyer and jurist, retiring from practice in 1880 to devote himself to historical pursuits. In 1886 he contributed a series of articles to the "Southern Bivouac," correcting certain errors that had prevailed in regard to the "Resolutions of 1798-9." Other articles upon historical subjects from his pen have appeared from time to time, and he has issued in book form "An Historical Sketch of St. Paul's Church" (Louisville), "The Centenary of Kentucky," and "The Centenary of Louisville." These works are characterized by originality of research and terseness and vigor of style.

Making judicious use of his ample means, Mr. Durrett has accumulated one of the largest, and, in some respects, one of the most notable libraries of this country. More than fifty thousand volumes he has collected and placed upon his shelves, and still is adding with unabated zeal. Besides collecting the standard works of all departments of human thought, Mr. Durrett has naturally given special attention to the department of history, and most of all, to the history of Kentucky and the Ohio Valley. In the bibliography of this field Mr. Durrett's library is without a rival in the world, and as the historian of this region of the Middle-West, he is *facile princeps*. In Mr. Durrett's library are rare books treating of almost every department of knowledge. A few, only, of those pertaining to Kentucky alone can be mentioned here. In history he has Filson's

"History of Kentucky," Wilmington, 1784; and Smith's "Virginia," London, 1624. In the department of fiction he has Inlay's "Emigrants," three volumes, London, 1793; and the very rare "Dialogues of Devile," anonymous, Lexington, 1804.

Continuing, we find: Poetry—Johnson's "Kentucky Miscellany," Lexington, 1796, and Littell's "Festoons of Fancy," Louisville, 1814. Religious—McNemar's "Kentucky Revival," Cincinnati, 1807, and Taylor's "Ten Baptist Churches," Frankfort, 1823. Medicine—Ruble's "Medical Guide," Richmond, Ky., 1810, and "The Transylvania Journal of Medicine," begun at Lexington in 1828. Law—Toulmin and Blairs' "Review of the Criminal Law," three volumes, Frankfort, 1804, and Littell's "Principles of Law and Equity," Frankfort, 1808. Periodicals—Bradford's "Medley," Lexington, 1803, and Hunt's "Western Review," Lexington, 1819 to 1821. Legislative—Journals of the Senate and House of the first Legislature of Kentucky, in 1792, and an original edition of the Kentucky "Resolutions of 1798 and 1799."

Interesting as a relique is the first book published in Kentucky, entitled "A Process in the Transylvania Presbytery," written by Adam Rankin, and published at Lexington, in 1793. There, too, is the identical copy of "Gulliver's Travels" which Neelly carried in his pocket to the wilderness, and from which he read to Daniel Boone and his companions, on Lulbegrud Creek, in Clark County, Kentucky, in 1770. Mr. Durrett's manuscripts include General Clark's "Memoirs," General McAfee's "Natural History," besides letters, autographs, itineraries, journals, biographies, etc., representing most of the prominent pioneers of the state.

Nowhere does Mr. Durrett appear to better advantage than when presiding at a session of the Filson Club, which holds its meetings at the commodious residence of its hospitable founder and president. Associating with himself a few friends of congenial tastes, the Filson Club was organized in 1884, for the purpose of coöperative

work in collecting and publishing historical information of Kentucky and the Ohio Valley. Since then the club has increased its membership and widened its influence until it is recognized as one of the leading historical societies of the country. Several valuable publications have been issued under the sanction of this organization and edited by Mr. Durrett. With unimpaired health and vigor and with unabated zeal he pursues his investigations, always pleased when he may share the riches of his library and the fruits of his historical labors with the searcher for truth, from the savant to the obscure student.

New York

Book Gossip.

The vanity of human wishes has been long a favorite topic of the severe moralist. Just about this time the fallibility of human judgment is occupying the minds of various and sundry gentlemen prominent in the publishing trade. All and several, they keep readers at high salaries whose privilege it is to say what sort of stuff the house they read for shall send out. Now, in the main, these same readers are mighty capable personages, and very nearly as impartial as it is given to normal human nature ever to be. Notwithstanding, awful slips now and then occur. The reader's aim is of course always to be on the safe side. If by reason of a faulty judgment his house is led into the costly error of publishing a book that dies upon its hands, the reader, aside from his natural and creditable mortification over the failure, gets a mighty disquieting sense of insecurity in his seat.

Speaking not long since with an ex-reader, one of the most notably successful of all the tribe, this is what he said. Read it. The application comes later:

"A reader," said this person, "may easily be or become too cultured, too critical, for the place. I am going now to say an enormously vain thing—that is, that in losing me in that capacity, my house lost a great deal. My successor is far and away more brilliantly intellectual than I pretend to be, but

because of that very brilliancy she has no sympathy with, and small comprehension of, the popular taste. She has sent away as quite impossible more than one book that turned out afterward to be a great success. You see she has trained herself, as the sporting men say, too fine. I mean she has got so far beyond the average mind that she has lost cognizance of its likes and limitations. That was something I always carefully remembered. I think I know good literature when I see it, and yield to nobody in my love for it. But because a thing may not exactly fill my soul with rapture, there is no reason that I should say, dogmatically, that it will not please the intelligent lower mass. Readers are what writers of every sort most earnestly desire—that is, supposing them to be too sensible to make up a pose of high literary contempt. And publishers certainly want to put their good money into that which will return it an hundred fold, as a successful book always does.

"Now, that which my successor looks at is manner rather than matter. The books dear to her heart are those that get the good word of the critics, yet stick persistently on our shelves. She could not, I think, for her life, recommend a rattling good story if there were that in it which grated upon her sense of artistic finish. She is conscientious to a degree, and more than anxious to do her whole duty by her employers. The only trouble is, as I said in the outset, her comprehension is so narrowed by the canons of what she holds to be literary excellence."

So much for the moral. The application lies in the fact that one very prominent publisher has lost a hundred thousand dollars through his reader's rejection of "The Heavenly Twins." Yet the reader had reason, prudence, and probability on his side. His firm had brought out a previous book of Madame Grand's only to have it become dead stock on their hands. Still another house, even more prominent, is sore upon the subject of "Ships That Pass In the Night." Its reader sent that book away in disgust, as unworthy



American copyright, and now, behold! it has come to the glory of three pirated editions. Much the same thing happened regarding "The Yellow Aster," the very latest bit of *pâté de foie gras* fiction. That seems to me a good name for the books of this last year or so. They are no doubt mighty fine, if you cultivate a taste for them, though if you do not the savor appalls your mental palate.

I WISH some wise man would mark and measure for me the currents that run on to literary success. He must needs be very wise, since there are few greater mysteries. Some times adventitious circumstances give the initial impulse, but unless there is something behind and above them, the adventurer in the realm of letters is certain to fall flat. Doubtless the very celebrated and successful novelist, Marion Crawford, had his early way made smooth by the fact that he was nephew to Sam Ward and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. But lacking a real gift of story-telling, he would never have got the hearing, the audience, he undoubtedly possesses. Personally, nothing in his work appeals to me in the least. Notwithstanding, I recognize in it a quality of interest for a very considerable moiety of his fellow creatures. So it is not strange to me that he keeps on writing as he does. The grand moguls of literature—who turn toward the east before they name Howells or James, or even Brander Mathews—have got into a way of saying that Mr. Crawford writes "Truck," that he keeps an eye single to the publisher's balance sheet, and writes, therefore, women-stuff. For women are confessedly the great buyers of books, particularly story-books. The man or woman, whose latest the dear things feel they *must* have, has struck a veritable gold mine.

To my thinking Mr. Crawford is far and away wiser than his contemnners. Doubtless, though, if the case were reversed, each man of them would gladly write books to sell thirty thousand within three weeks of issue. Doubtless, also, if Mr. Crawford wrote books that pleased only the grand moguls, he

would be in the ranks of those who decry him—and the emoluments of his literary aberrations.

FUNNY things come out sometimes in the matter of editions. The circulation affidavit-maker of the daily press has a heap of mighty fine company. One young woman writer told me one day, regarding the contract for publishing her latest book, that it gave her no royalties until there had been a sale of two thousand copies, but added airily that that was nothing; as upon the afternoon of the day of issue they telegraphed her simply, "Royalties have begun." But, she went on to say, that was not surprising, as a previous book of hers had saved its publisher from bankruptcy—though oddly enough, it had profited the author very little.

Later it came to my knowledge that a firm, whom the young lady reported as ordering her book five hundred at a time, did not deal in any books but those issued by themselves. And later yet, it was made manifest that of the first edition some fifteen hundred copies—a goodly number—were still in the publisher's stock.

Another authoress said, with the prettiest air of deprecation, "If my last book does not sell, I shall hate to look my publisher in the face. He has printed an advance edition of twenty thousand, and says he expects to print as many more within the next three months."

What sale the book really had, I have no means of knowing; but a little calculation showed that, if the firm had printed even ten thousand copies of the book, they would have required a warehouse for storage of them. As they print upon an average something like three hundred books a year, it is hardly likely that they put so very many eggs in that one basket.

FROM publishers to editors is not a far cry. Here is a tale about an editor that is deliciously funny.

The editor is English. He has a title and a slapping salary, though experience is best represented by the unknown quantity. Almost the first thing

he did upon assuming the editorial chair was to write thus to an American poet, famed the land through for his dainty verse :

MY DEAR MR. — :

Will you kindly send us a sonnet—one of your very best—and *long enough to fill about a page and a half in our magazine*—which is near the "Harper" size.

Needless to add he did not get the sonnet to order, though he got a lot of rhyme, such as it pleased the poet to turn out.

"Is it not odd," some one said the other day, "that nearly all women who have won fame under pen names have chosen those that were either masculine or had no sex suggestion? Nobody could tell whether or no Currer Bell were man or woman. In fact, I question very much if Charlotte Brontë on the title page might not have handicapped 'Jane Eyre.' George Sand, too, won an audience that would have been impossible to Aurore Dudevant, as did George Eliot one that would have whistled Maryanne Evans quite down the wind. Coming nearer our own time, there is John Strange Winter—who is, in private life, Mrs. Stannard—and John Oliver Hobbes, the sensation of at least a London week—

who is really Mrs. Perry Cragie. Then, in our own country, we have Octave Thanet, known to her friends as Miss Alice French; and Charles Egbert Craddock, whom all the world has heard of, though only about half of it would recognize her as Miss Murfree. Against these I do not recall a single famous pseudonym—feminine upon its face—that is as famous as are the examples given.

Of course, plenty of women have written, and written well, over names as womanly as their own. Just as plenty of others have made eminent the appellations whereunto they were born. The whole thing is a curious study. I am firmly of opinion that genius has neither sex nor climate. It may be that the powers critical think otherwise, and so give a meed of praise to work supposedly masculine that they could not find it in their conscience to bestow if they knew it came from a woman's hand. 'Pegasus abhors a side-saddle,' said one witty wise-man. It may be that the Muses themselves have the common feminine partiality for men and their works."

Whether or no there is truth in what was said, I leave it to each reader to decide, according to prejudice.

Martha McCulloch Williams.





#### A DON'T-CARE FELLOW.

I don't know how the color  
Comes to the clod in spring,  
Ner yet what makes the mockin' birds  
Mock all the birds that sing;  
I don't know how the green creeps out  
When all the trees is bare,  
Ner how the rose hides honey—  
An' I jes' don't keer!

I don't know how a bunch er curls,  
An' eyes that's black or blue,  
An' lips er red—that's what I said!—  
Run right away with you!  
I don't know why you loaf aroun'  
When them same lips is near,  
An' keep the gate a-swingin'—  
An' I jes' don't keer!

Fact is, I never knowed too much,  
An' keep a-wonderin' still  
Why folks 'll try to find out why  
A rain-drop makes a rill.  
I know the flowers hide honey,  
That bright eyes, beamin' clear,  
Run off with me forever—  
An' I jes' don't keer!

—Frank L. Stanton.

#### A FAT MAN'S EXPERIENCE WITH A BICYCLE.

I was becoming too fleshy. Each day, in imagination, I could see great layers of lard-like fat added to my already rotund figure. Steadily my weight rose, like the mercury on a hot August day, until the scales indicated two hundred and fifty pounds. Then I got mad, vowed the scales were improperly adjusted and that the owner

should be prosecuted for fraud. After a time I tried another pair; result, more fat. Horrors! How I loathed myself; and could I have raised my foot to the proper angle the citizens would have been electrified to see a fat man kick himself around town. From that day on I eschewed everything that even resembled a pair of scales. Nothing could drag me to the butcher's. He seemed to deal in fat. When I looked at the dressed porkers hanging outside his stall, their kidneys displayed nearly covered with fat, in fancy I saw my own in like condition, and groaned in spirit. Everywhere I called, people wounded me by forcing my acceptance of the largest chair in the house.

No one can conceive of the cross a fat man carries. We are criticised mercilessly and expected to bear a smiling face through it all. Let one be ill and not an ounce of sympathy, fat wretch, does he receive.

I tried all methods to reduce myself. "Banting" started off well, but after bringing me to a state of starvation and physical weakness bordering on an early grave, I had lost but ten pounds. I fattened on "Anti-fat," and vinegar seemed the one thing needful to perfect my flesh manufactory. During these periods of mental worry over my condition I often thought how nice it would



I.—Landed.

### THE THRILLING TALE OF A BALLOON-FISH.

A TROPICAL EXTRAVAGANZA.

BY C. A. BARNES.

be if I could grind into sausage a percentage of my flesh each day and sell it to the heathens. How it would decrease the mortality among our missionaries!

At last some one recommended a bicycle. I believed in my soul he was poking fun at me, but the idea stuck. I had a high fence around my back yard, and here I would practice, secluded from the prying eyes of a heartless and unfeeling world. After considerable trouble I purchased a "safety" warranted not to break down. I will not state what was the make of the wheel, for the manufacturers have allowed me nothing for advertisement.

Sufficient for me to say that it bore the name of a celebrated man whose avoirdupois equaled mine own.

I had the wheel brought home secretly, and that night, by moonlight, when all was quiet, I carried it gently to the back yard. How I expected to surprise my wife next morning as I wheeled out of the gate, for it looked real easy to ride. I patted the saddle and almost kissed the lantern as I thought of the great rolls of surplus that would be removed from my cumbersome frame. Little dreamt I that the thing was possessed of a devil—aye, seventy of the most horny-headed devils that man can conceive of.

Grasping the handles firmly, I placed my left foot on the step and gave the customary three skips with my right



II.—Banded.



III.—Demanded.

foot, that I had seen others do, and essayed to mount. For a moment I clawed wildly with my right leg, then my left foot slipped off the step, the machine giving a great bound, smashing my chin into the saddle. Great Scott! Were you ever kicked by a mule? How I thanked kind Providence that my tongue was not between my teeth, else I would most assuredly have lost some flesh.

After becoming satisfied that my jaw was not broken and no teeth swallowed, I picked up the machine. Three more pigeon-toed steps were taken and the saddle was nearly mine, when my left foot again slipped, and the machine gave another one of those satanic bounds, I sitting down on the wheel. It was none of your graceful, let-me-down-easy movements, but a kind of pile-driver drop.

Did you ever, in skating, have both feet try to kick the moon, while you

sat down suddenly? Well, that is not a circumstance. There you have a flat though hard surface, but the cushion tire of a wheel is narrow. Further explanation is unnecessary.

Being attacked both in front and rear, I thought I had had enough for one night, so I sounded the retreat and retired into the house in order to look after my wounds. Not one word of my trouble did I breathe to a soul. It is true I lisped in my speech, and sought a recumbent position, as nearly on my stomach as possible; but no suspicions were aroused.

Like most fleshy persons, I love to sleep, consequently my wife and little girls discovered the wheel before I arose. The remarks made by the partner of my bosom were not complimentary to my intelligence, and I tried not to hear them, while my baby girl informed all passers-by that "Papa done dot a bikicker." Now this last was in every way contrary to my wishes, as I proposed not to take my neighbors into confidence; so, hurriedly



IV.—Expanded.

dressings, I sternly ordered Dodgy into the house.

After breakfast my wife and children persisted in seeing me ride, so I brought out the wheel in an indifferent way, proceeding to tighten the saddle like one accustomed to it, all the time softly whistling "Daisy," a tune much effected by wheelmen.

I had thought over my previous experience, and determined on two things. One was to get a firm rest with my left foot on the step, and the other to spring forward with the machine. I arranged every detail carefully and gave a tremendous spring, resulting in my going over the saddle and sitting down hard on the rod in front of same. In an instant the wheel turned, threw me to the ground, and jumped on top of my prostrate carcass. The painful sensations that swept through my body were indescribable, and, to add to my discomfort, I could hear peal upon peal of laughter. Casting my eyes upward, I saw the second-story windows of all surrounding houses filled with people. I believe in my soul that my neighbors cleared fifty cents a seat.

My wife could not laugh. I lay so still she thought me dead, and rushing forward, she tore the machine away, thereby bringing the brake handle in conjunction with my ribs, removing

six inches of skin. My stamping and ravings now were terrible to hear and behold, and, had I not feared further personal injury, I would have kicked the wheel to pieces.

Becoming more quiet, I retired to the porch and thought the matter out. Ride that wheel I would, though how, I could conceive of no possible way. My wife offered to hold it until I got safely in the saddle. This idea seemed good, and, as my neighbors had disappeared from the windows, thinking I had given up in disgust, we proceeded to put the same into effect. Cautiously I climbed up, and then my wife wished to turn loose; but no, rather than have her let go I would have given up anything on earth. I begged and plead with her to stay with me, and though the wheel pressed heavily on her, she, in the kindness of her heart, consented. We started very slowly, but before we had gone ten feet struck some little obstruction and over I went, the wheel on top as usual, my wife falling over both. The handle prodded me in the stomach, and the efforts of my wife to arise, naturally added to my misery. I am not a profane man. I consider it ungentlemanly and inconsistent with the life of a churchman, but my wife is authority for the statement that the mutterings which I gave vent to had a



V — Stranded



very fiendish sound. When I got up I examined that wheel to see if it were alive. I could not conceive of an inanimate object being so bloodthirsty. Though badly knocked out, I was in for the finish, and again and again I battled with that demon, only to meet with discomfiture. With tears in their eyes, my family implored me to desist, but I kept madly on.

Finally, when my body had become one mass of bruises, and my lungs were working like the exhaust of a locomotive going up grade, I conquered and rode the wheel. There was no joy in my victory, however, for to bed I went and remained for many long days.

I was comforted with the fact, however, that I was now master of my flesh, and, to-day, though the scars of battle have not all been healed, I can ride a bicycle, and am reducing my *avoirdu pois*.

E. T. B. Glenn.

#### MNEMONICS.

It shall not be forgotten  
Of any one who sees—  
The sorrel-flower 'mid the moss,  
The wind-flower 'mid the trees.

Though I can but remember  
All flowers by *her* face,  
That flower which is my life's perfume,  
Kin to the wild-flower race.

It shall not be forgotten  
Of any one who looks—  
The falling-star above the hills,  
Or imaged in the brooks.

Though I can but remember  
The star-fire by *her* eyes,  
Those stars which are my destiny,  
Bright sisters to the skies.

And, oh, the song that follows  
The wing-step of the bird!—  
It shall not be forgotten  
When once such song is heard.

Though I can but remember  
All music by *her* words,  
That song which is my heart's response,  
Kin to the mating birds.

How shall they be forgotten,  
The fair and fugitive,  
When in all birds and stars and flowers  
Love's intimations live!

Madison Cawein.

#### NO MONKEY.

I was passing down Linden avenue, in Baltimore. Before me walked two women—one of perhaps twenty-five years, and slightly built, the other some twenty years her senior and of about one hundred and seventy-five pounds. Both were in shining silk, and the display of ribbons indicated a decided bent for gaudy color.

Suddenly an Italian with a hand-organ, whom they had passed unnoticed, struck up what is called, conventionally, a tune. The dames before me whirled around and gazed for a moment, when the elder of the two broke out with a tone of mingled contempt and indignation: "*He ain't got no monkey!*" and on down the avenue they went, doubtless with a feeling that the Italian had wronged them by a false pretense.

One's first feeling is of pity for the taste of these women; but after all do they not represent in their own sphere a tendency of the times which is not without expression in higher circles? Just after a recent affair which unfortunately need not be named in order to be known, a prominent minister announced through the press that his subject for the coming Sabbath morning would be "The Prize-fight of Life." In this subject we see the substitute for the monkey which, in his opinion, would be most to the taste of those whom he desired to reach.

A recent candidate for Governor of New York went down into the lower wards of New York City and made a speech in shirt-sleeves, collarless, etc., to get into the favor of the "boys." Here, rather than dispense with the valuable aid of the monkey, the man assumes that role himself.

It would be easy to multiply illustrations, but there is no use. One need only reflect to see that in this age of universal *ennui* he who wishes to attract and hold attention must do so by the aid of the monkey in some form or other, occasionally the animal himself, but more often in some artificial guise whereby those characteristics which make a monkey a monkey may be somewhat accentuated.

W. H. Johnson.

## COMFORTED.

A MESSAGE FROM JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY'S POEM,  
"BEREAVED."

To me the joy of life was all undone,  
For death had placed my only little one  
Away from reach beneath the tender flowers,  
And gloom had draped the hours.

At first I thought the awful stillness meant  
A sleep that sobs could break, and so I rent  
The air with cries that life his form would  
thrill,  
But he is sleeping still.

A leaden weight of grief my spirit crushed;  
All nature seemed in saddest sorrow hushed.  
They said: "You will feel better bye and bye,  
If you will only cry."

I strove to lose my own in others thought,  
And read so many lines with wisdom fraught,  
But yet they brought my wound no healing  
balm,  
Nor broke the bitter calm.

But ah! one day as o'er a page I glanced,  
A title held my eye, and so I chanced  
To read those sweetest verses called "Be-  
reaved,"  
And wept and was relieved.

And I thank the Love Divine that would,  
So crown me with the bliss of mother-hood,  
Though soon the little arms did loose their  
hold,  
And baby's life was told.

Aye, told on earth, but somewhere else I  
know,  
Its promise doth to rich fulfillment grow,  
And something of my own, through sacrifice,  
Hath entered Paradise.

For now through hallowed peace I clearly  
see,  
While death is hard indeed, yet still to be  
Denied the gift of child to human heart,  
Is far the sadder part.

*Kate Trader Barrow.*

## A DIFFERENCE.

When wealth makes its way to the door,  
Oh ho!  
There is pleasure and laughter galore;  
There is no time for fears and no time for tears,  
But friends gather round by the score.

'Tis so,  
When wealth makes its way to your door.

When poverty peeps through the crack,  
Oh ho!  
Of pleasure and friends there's a lack;  
You may pinch and save till you go to your  
grave,  
But the world turns on you its back.

'Tis so,  
When poverty peers through the crack.

*Katie Jessel Joseph.*

## ONE OF THE MOST CHARMING STORIES.

All of us who have not dumb souls  
have woven stories. Ah! and such  
stories as they are, too. Words fall to  
sleep, too tired and weary to keep  
apace, as the thoughts run on to play  
and laugh and cry in a land where  
words would be all out of place.

I had come out of the theatre into  
the dimly lighted streets; the play had  
been one of those charmingly simple  
pastorals—full of tears, but only tears  
that moist the eyes a little; and full  
of smiles, but only smiles that are  
freshened by the tears.

It had affected me to such a point  
that I took up the stage incidents and  
stage lines, and they fitted themselves  
into little romances that ran on in joy  
and sorrow, until, coming to myself, I  
discovered that the last car going to  
my home in an outlying district of the  
city had passed me, and, warm with  
the thoughts within, I passed corners  
and dark alleys, but my thoughts were  
not in the shadows.

I had always known I could write  
a story. Aye, and a new one, too.  
There were pictures in my heart, and  
I would lead the tired readers down  
into my wonderland and let them gaze  
on conceptions breathing with a new  
creation. To-night the thought  
possessed me. I was hot for the work—  
and I would do it.

There was a woman, and the mem-  
ory of her was enough. The village  
was her home. She really was yet but  
a girl, for I decided—with a stroke of  
thought—to knock off a few years.  
She was tall, etc.

Yes, the et cetera could be worked up  
into a vivid being. She was emotional  
—just as emotional as I wished her to  
be—but she stopped there. Her quiet  
life let this emotion escape in ballads  
—old fashioned, pining things—and  
they swayed the heart of a youth. He  
was not exactly handsome, but he had  
a way, etc., again. They had been  
rudely shaken apart by circumstances,  
that it would be easy to supply when  
I was ready to put them down. Now  
he was striving in a far distant city for  
fame and wealth, knowing that when  
he could surmount a thousand and one

mighty obstacles that kept him from *her* that his life would be rounded out. I could easily enough see my way to get rid of the thousand obstacles, but the *one*—that must be the turning point upon which must hinge the denouement—the denouement! That must be powerfully wrought; a touch of true realism.

Back to the village at the hour of dusk, up a side street, and now he is at her gate. As in a dream he passes into the yard, and stands in the blacker night of the great oleander's shade. He stops there to commune with the heart that has burned so long for this consummation. Burn? Yes, that suggests ashes; there is the realistic business. I would use the ashes for the dramatic climax.

In these long years apart she had come to him, trooping along on all those little thoughts which a man has—but which he never tells to any but his dog, when they are alone, or which one might speak to a very sweet child when one is telling it what the birds sing about, or hints why the blue bells are so silent in the dells. So beautiful, so pure, something there always was in the memory of her laugh, as the washing of a brook through his heart, cleansing it for her. He could remember those hands, and the very touch which seemed to give birth to an hundred youths for him. Her eyes held a look—but I can easily supply all this when it is written.

Now for the philosophical point. Metaphysicians, too, may ponder on the meaning of what befell these two hearts.

He heard her touch the piano. It was not one of the old ballads she played, but Raff's "Lenore." What feeling! what expressive longing! Truly a fitting moment for him to go to her.

Through the casement window, where clambered the jasmine to lace its edges (a delicate turn of phrase which I must remember), he passed. She rose to meet him; but, oh! the fatality of the little bits of things! *she first turned up the light.*

The effect was like the incongruities we sometimes see as the result of poor stage management. Much as if an or-

chestra should play "After the Ball" when the baby is dying in the cold tenement.

He was not awkward exactly, only the sudden transition of something, he knew not what, made him at least formal. She laughed; and, while it was musical, it did not drench his heart as in the old days. When he touched her hand he was not young again. No; somehow they were both older, and everything was different.

I was near my gate now. A man, sleek and contented-looking, passed me beneath the light of a street lamp; and I now remember that I had a great pity for that man, because his brain was not surcharged with a great story. I don't remember the night-latch nor the dark halls. I do remember the turned-up light, the bright fire, the paper in front of me, and a pen between my fingers. I remember how the story grew more and more perfect. How one triumph after another arranged succeeding chapters. How the imagery of it all wore out the strength for mechanical execution. To-morrow I would be equal to that. To-morrow I would write the story.

Albert Trend.

#### MY LADY'S FAN.

This fairy wonder of silk and pearl,  
How like my lady in dainty grace:  
For pearls to-night on her breast she wears,  
'Mid folds of satin and lace.

She touched its rim to her dainty lips,  
That her welcoming smile I might not see;  
And I know that often its perfumed screen  
Hath hidden a blush from me.

She hath held it clasped in her fingers, here  
Where I touch my lips to the shining pearl;  
And brushed aside with its feathery edge,  
The floss of a silken curl.

And here, I marked as she wrote this eve,  
In pensive mood, on the pearly frame,  
While my rival whispered behind her chair;  
What was it she wrote? *My name!*

Ah, lady Belle, as I hold your fan,  
While you idly toy with your rosy ice—  
Little you dream that your secret's told  
Here by your own device.

You shall hide no more of your blushes sweet,  
Nor screen your smile from your lover's  
view;

And the kiss that I gave your senseless fan  
I shall give sometime to you.

Stella Arnold Wise.

TO —.

Long years ago like some red rose was I,  
Which, newly blown, tempts every passer-by  
To pause, its color and perfume to praise.  
In those glad, golden, care-free days,  
Thou wast my friend—my friend, but nothing more.

Fond, foolish lovers had I, half a score,  
Eager to lay their hearts down at my feet;  
Thou didst bring only friendship, calm and sweet.

Long years of grief have me so sadly changed;  
All my fond lovers have grown cold,  
estranged.

No longer do they find me fresh and fair,  
Yet little need have I for this to care,  
That their scant store of love for me is spent,  
Thou art my lover now; I am content.

*Eleanor A. Crawford.*

#### AND NAIL 'T WI' SCRIPTURE.

George Washington Johnson was the blackest and blandest fellow in North Carolina. Irresistible in mirth, he was funniest when he tried to be serious.

He served, as man of all work, an eccentric superannuated preacher who kept a boarding house for Northern sojourners. On one occasion he was sent to the neighboring town to meet the late afternoon mail. A letter of importance was long overdue, and anxiety made the minutes seem hours. Supper-time came, and then bed-time, but no George. Family worship was in progress, when a great racket in an adjoining room interrupted the good man's prayer. But a word of inquiry was responded to by George's mellow voice, and the petition was continued to its usual length.

"Deed, sah," said George the next morning, "what you tink when Brer P—— stop 'dressing de Lawd and turn he remawks to me las' night?"

"Look here, George Washington," said his interlocutor sternly, "Brother P—— is a minister of the gospel, and not to be criticised except on Scriptural grounds."

"Yassir, yassir" (the white gleam of his countenance suddenly shifting from his ivories to his wide-open serious eyes), "Brer P—— he do be de Lawd's messenger, and we uns aint got no call to pick flaws. Yassir, you is right. But Brer P—— he stop he petition and say, 'George, boy, dat

you?' and den he go on a-prayin'. Now dat ar *am* agin Scripture. De good Book it sure enough say, '*Pray WITHOUT CEASIN*'!"

And there was nothing more to be said.

#### SHADOWS.

After the lamps were lighted he had gone to see that the men had the "booms" safe to stand the rise in the river.

The sound of the continual eddying of the waters below her window fell on her ears, while she sat with one foot on the cradle-rockers, and rummaged through a package of old papers. They were papers of his youth, before they had married and come to this out-of-the-way region—written when they were sweethearts, and before that other girl died.

One note had been written by him, but apparently never sent. After omitting address or salutation, and after saying that he would leave the city for a day, it read: "A day is a lifetime—a moment of my love for you is an eternity through which a thousand angels sing unto my heart."

Who?

She knew that he loved her, so no matter about this boyish note, only she wished that the girl had lived, for then—

The waters lashed higher and the "boom" broke in places, and the logs went whirling with the current. Here and there through the dripping darkness lanterns moved where men's voices sounded frantic and hopeless.

Far up the stream one light went out.

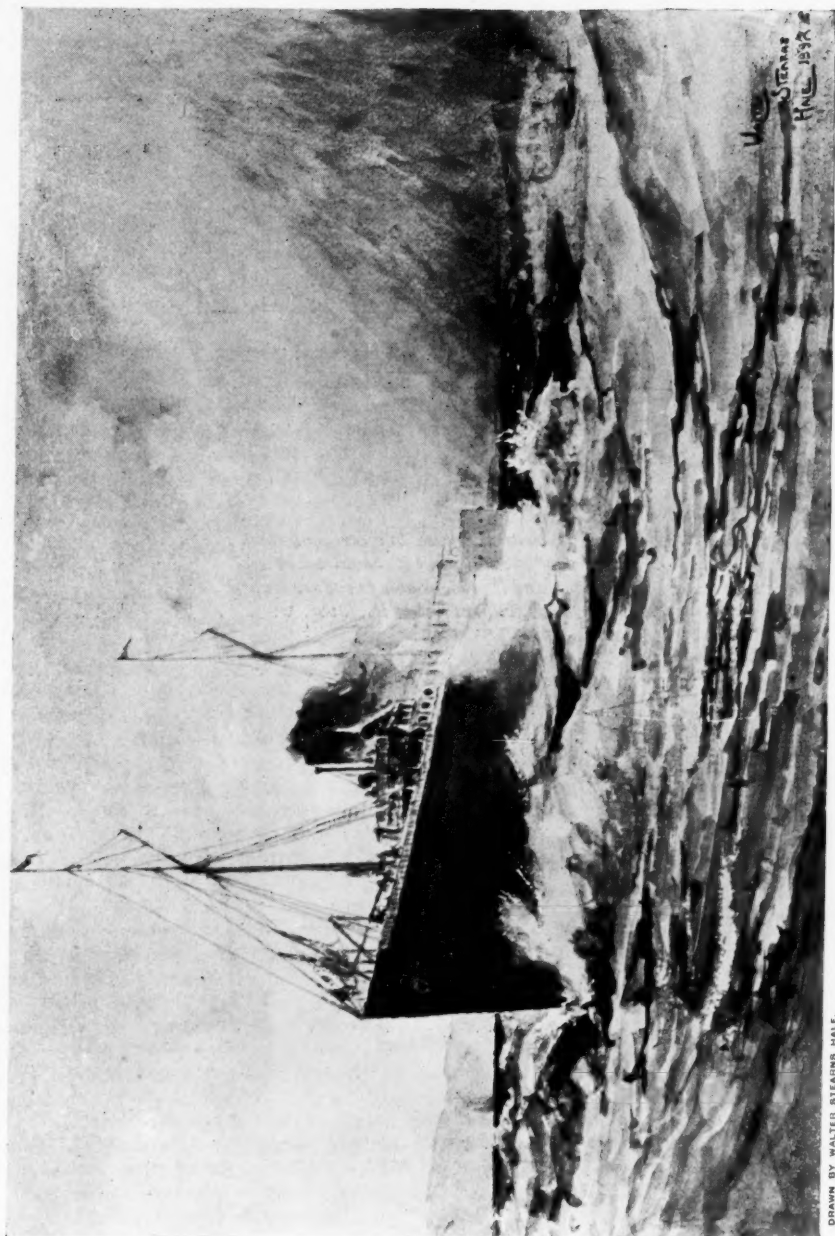
The treasures of the beloved dead lie close to our hearts, and the widow of these months hugged some old letters with her eyes.

She longed that he had laughed away the fears of those boyish words—about the thousand angels singing unto his heart.

If she had but known that they were written to her, but she did not.

*The Dallyer.*

*All literature must, to a certain extent,  
savor of the soil ; but it should not be sec-  
tional, and it must be able to endure trans-  
portation without losing its flavor.*



DRAWN BY WALTER STEARNS MALE.

A SQUALL, FONSECA BAY.